

# SMASH

10¢



I.C.C. 12

DECEMBER  
No. 80

# COMICS

STILL 52 PAGES

**Midnight**  
lands on  
**BIG-HEARTED**  
**Bosco!**

4/10-7



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

# GIVEN GIVEN

53rd YEAR

BE FIRST

ACT NOW

ACT NOW

## PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION



We Trust You

Boys Girls



Ladies Men

No Money Now

MAIL COUPON

BE FIRST WE ARE RELIABLE

Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.

## GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS



ACT NOW

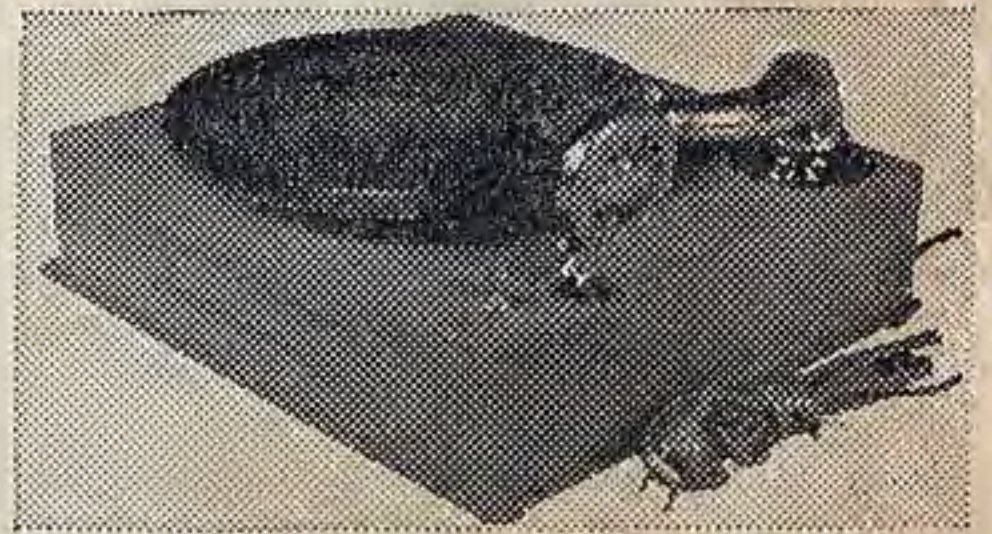
BE FIRST

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.



## PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

School Boxes, Excellent tone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superheterodyne Radios, Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Our 53rd year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.



53rd year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.

## PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN

Girls Ladies

Boys Men



No Money Now

ACT NOW!

Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.

## PREMIUMS-CASH GIVEN



GIRLS-BOYS-LADIES-MEN — Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit per catalog sent with starting order. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-D, Tyrone, Pa.

ACT NOW

NO MONEY NOW



## Mail Coupon Today

WILSON CHEM CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date.....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ST. .... R.D. .... BOX.....

TOWN ..... ZONE No. .... STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Write or paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope

# MIDNIGHT

SELL YOUR REAL ESTATE To **BIG-HEARTED BOSCO**, THE RIGHTEOUS REALTOR

HERE'S FIFTY GRAND FOR YOUR KINGDOM! GIMME THE DEED!

WHAT A DEAL! WHAT A DEAL! THE MEMBERS OF MY DISLOYAL OPPOSITION WERE ONLY GOING TO GIVE ME **TWENTY** FOR IT!

SELL TO BOSCO!

WHY THE PAIL OF SAND, GABBY?

I'VE BROUGHT MY LAND WITH ME! I'LL HOLD OUT FOR SIXTY GRAND!

I'D BETTER STOP BOSCO BEFORE HE BUYS UP THE **ENTIRE EARTH!**

SEE BOSCO!

SAFE

Deed

DEED

DEED

BIG-HEARTED BOSCO PAYS MORE!

DEED





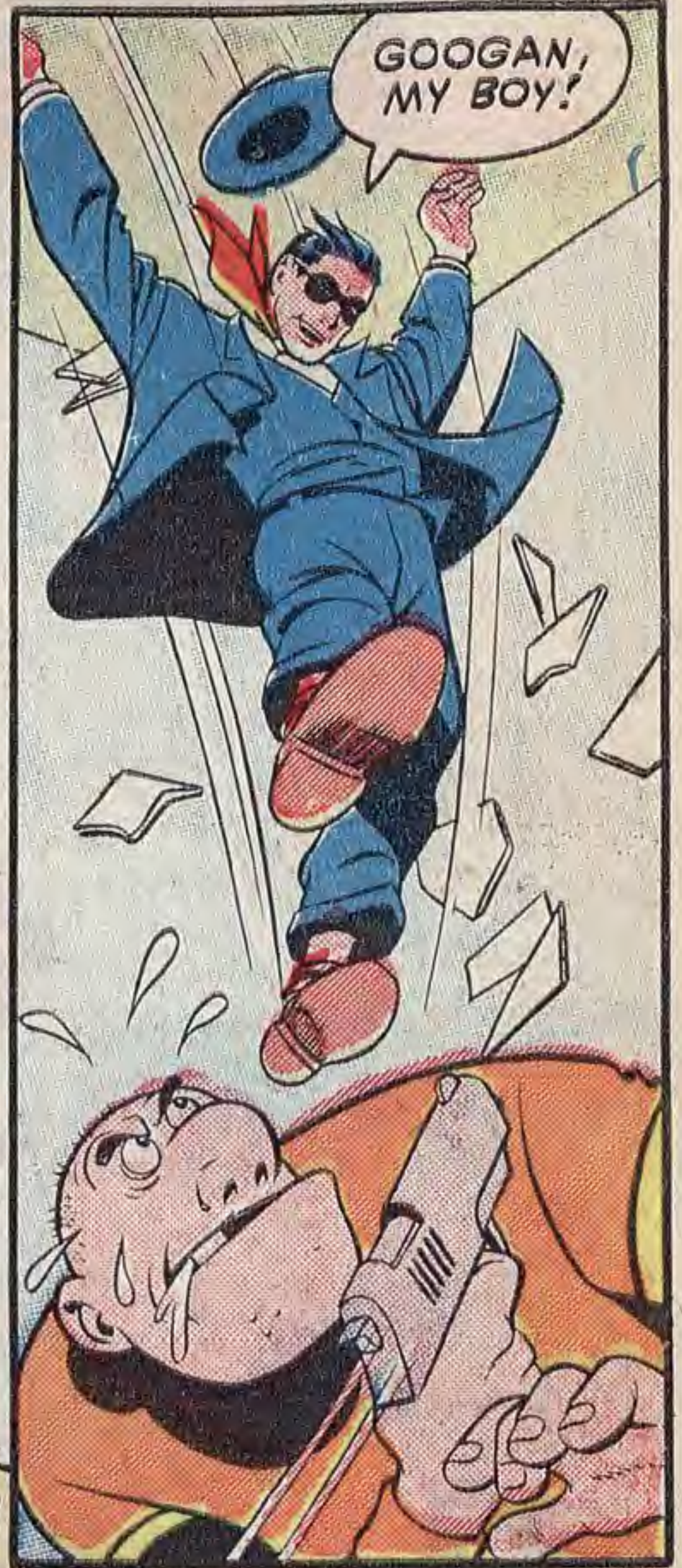
AN ARTIST'S STUDIO!  
NO WONDER THE  
COPS COULDN'T FIND  
GOOGAN! THEY'D  
NEVER FIGURE  
HE'D HIDE IN A  
PLACE LIKE  
THIS!



JUST A HUNCH I HAD  
TO SNOOP AROUND UP  
HERE! THE COPS SAID  
THEY LOST HIM AFTER  
A CHASE OVER THE  
ROOFTOPS!

**CRASH!**

MIDNIGHT!



GOOGAN,  
MY BOY!



Y'GOT  
NOTHING  
ON ME!

DON'T BE SIMPLE!  
I'M WEIGHING YOU  
DOWN MORE THAN  
THAT MUD ON  
YOUR SHOES!



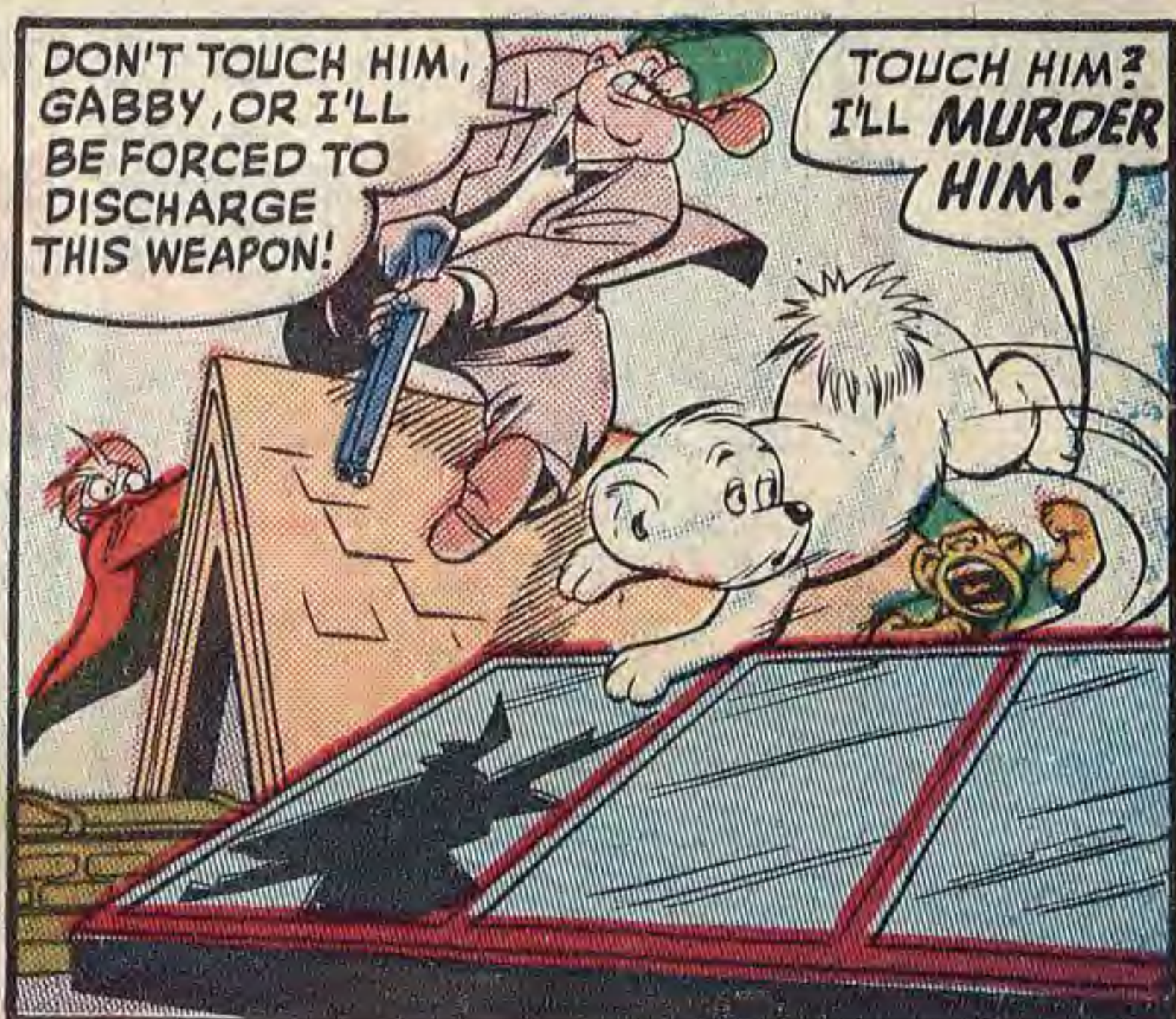
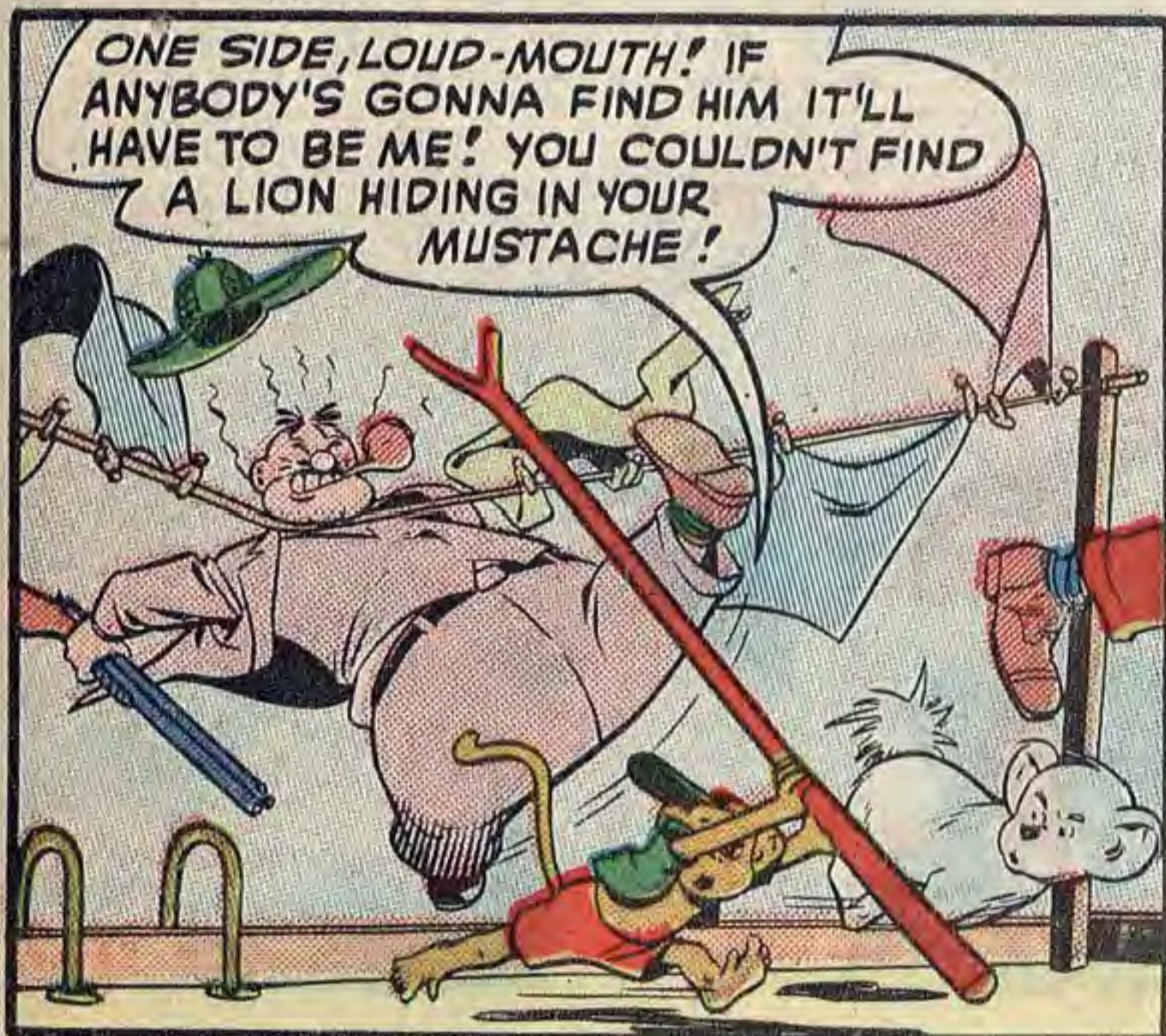
WHERE'S THE  
ARMORED  
TRUCK  
HOLDUP  
LOOT?

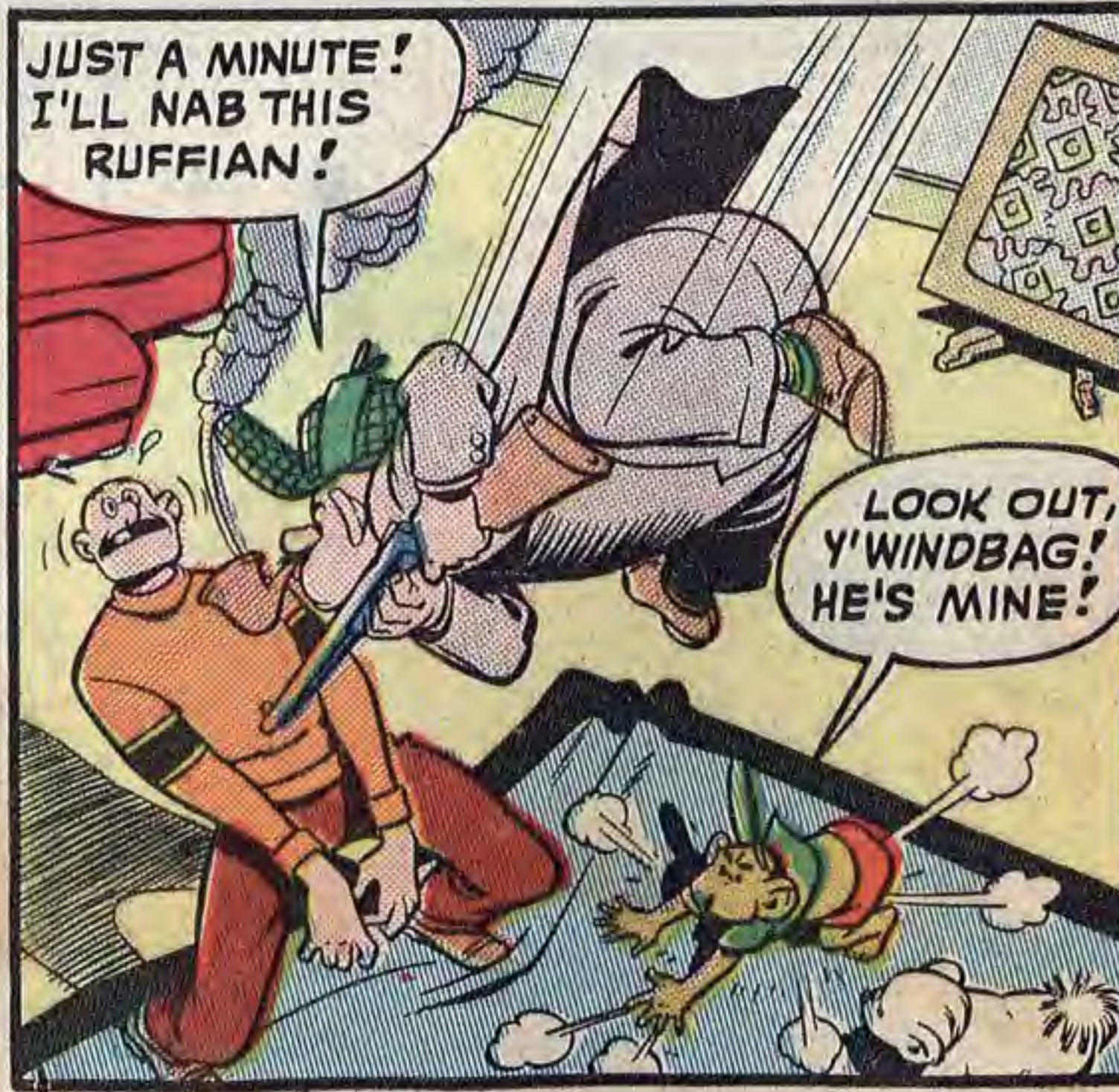
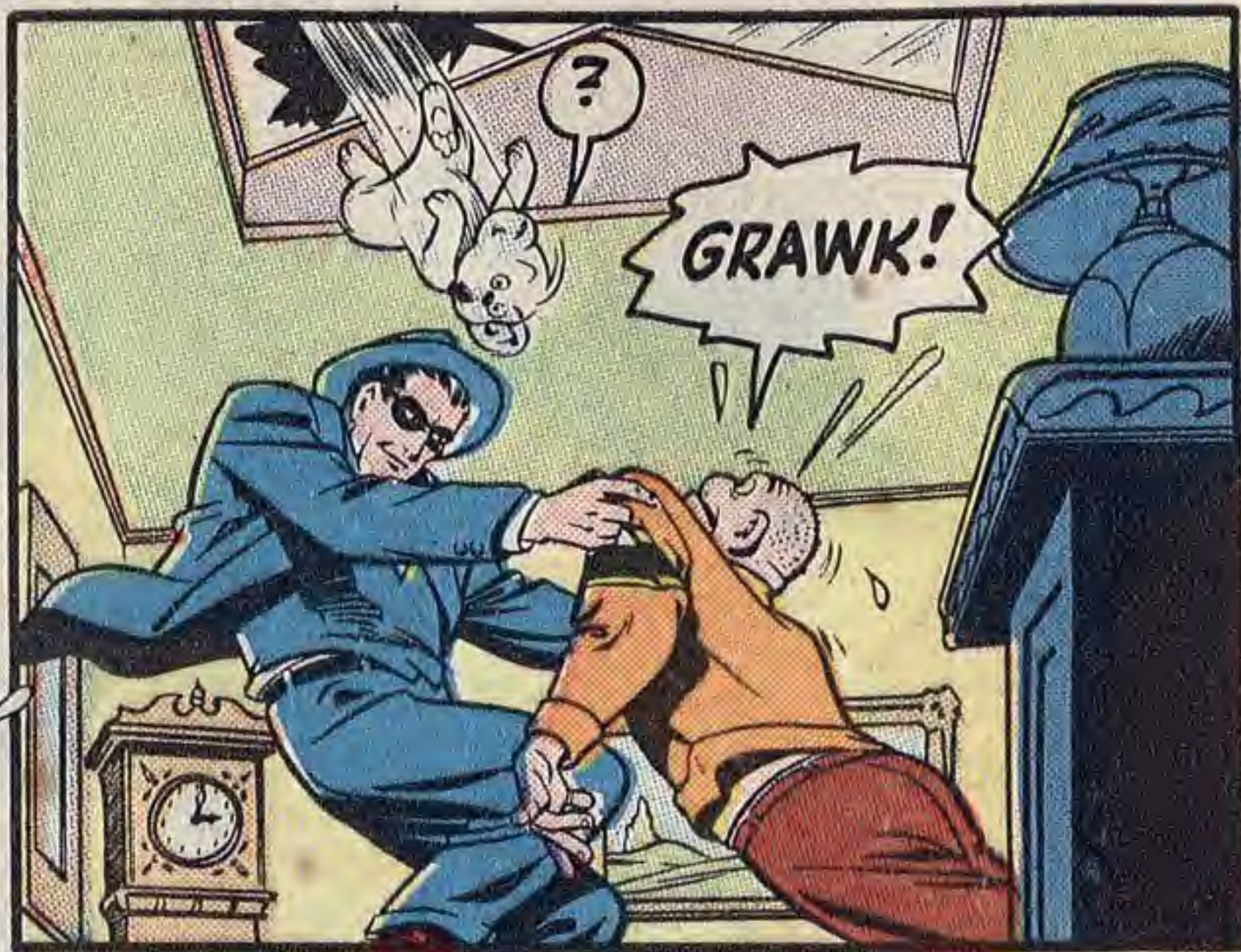
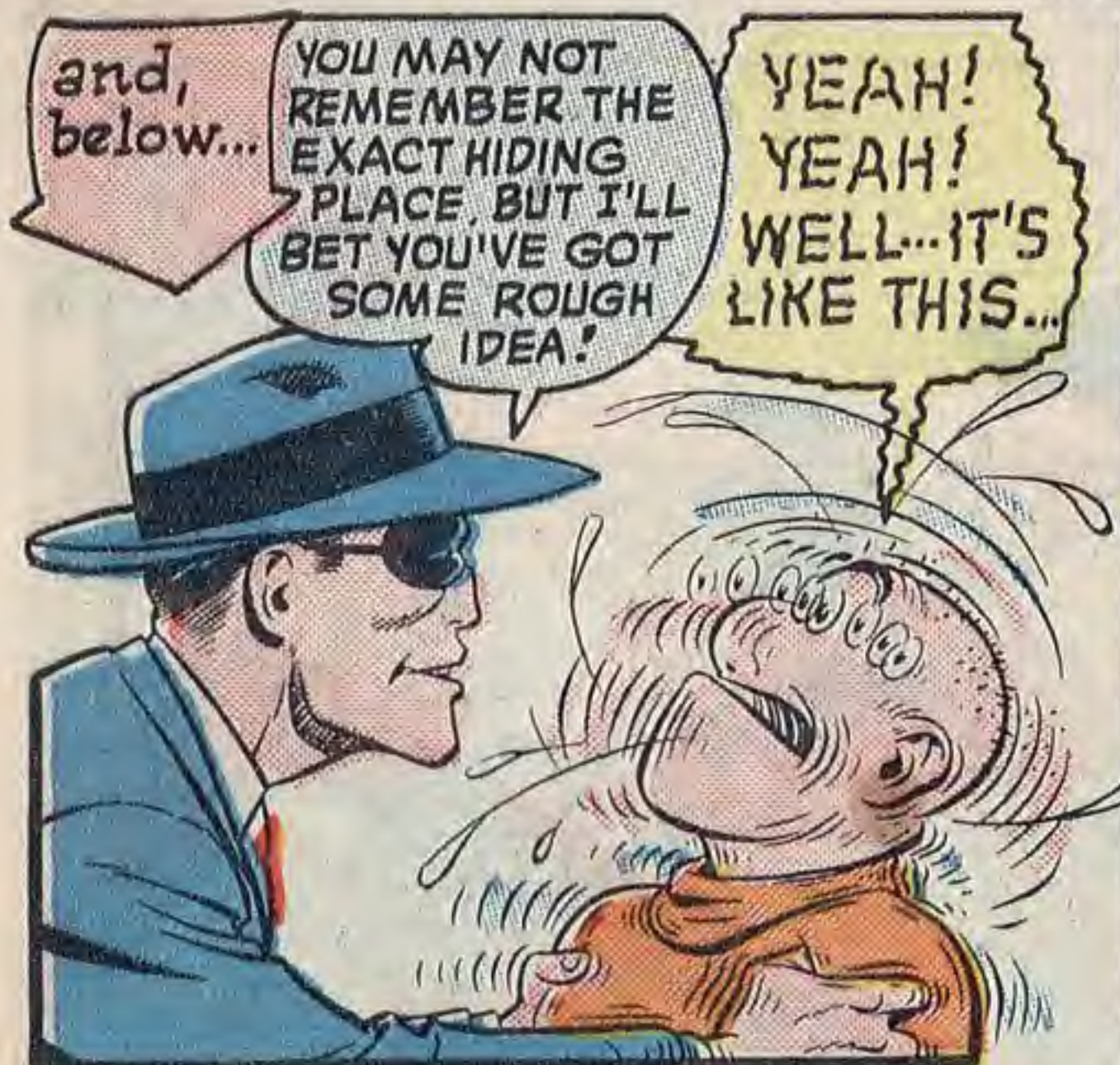
I DON'T  
KNOW! I  
DON'T KNOW!  
I DON'T EVEN  
HAVE DOUGH  
ENOUGH FOR  
A SHINE!

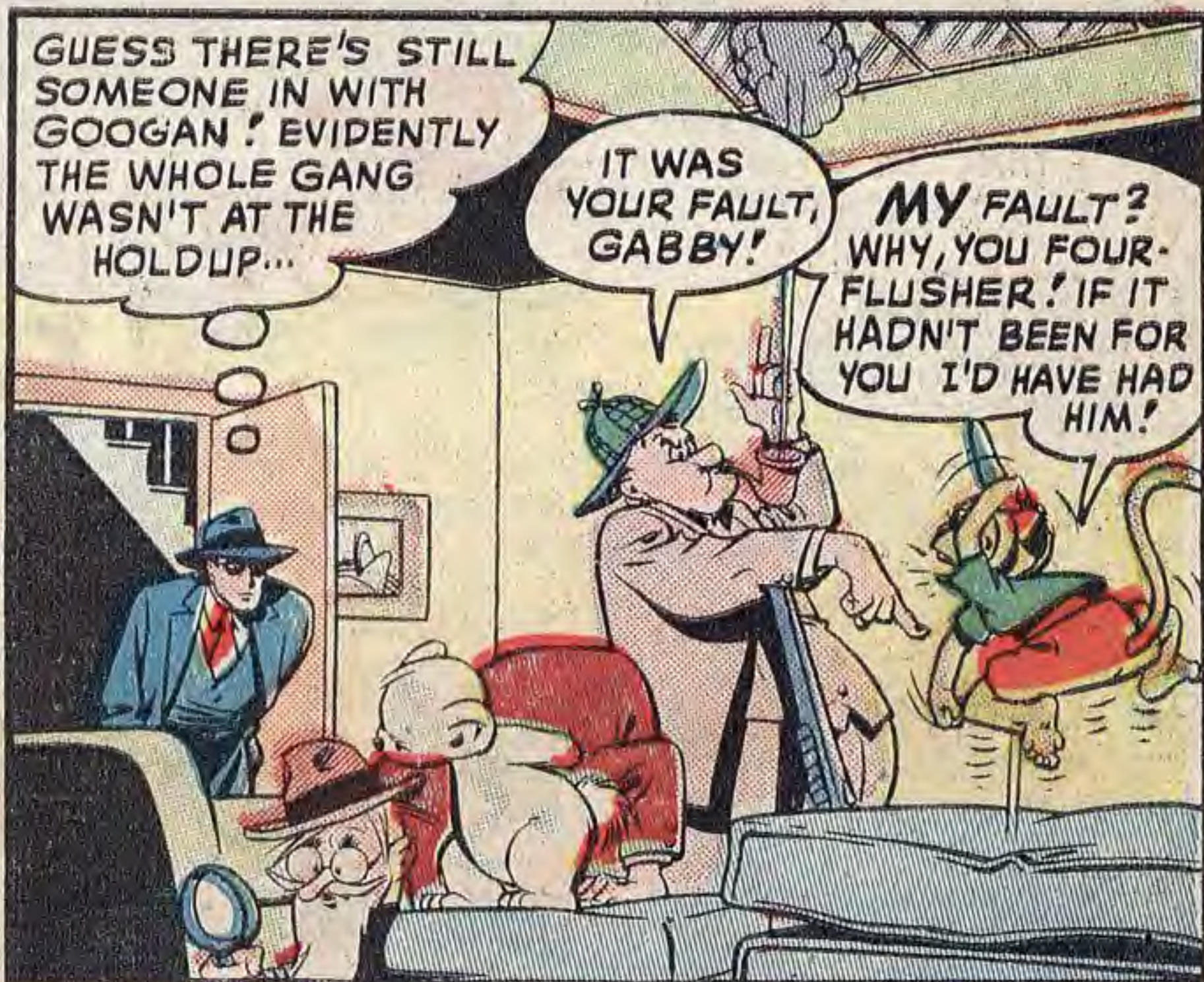
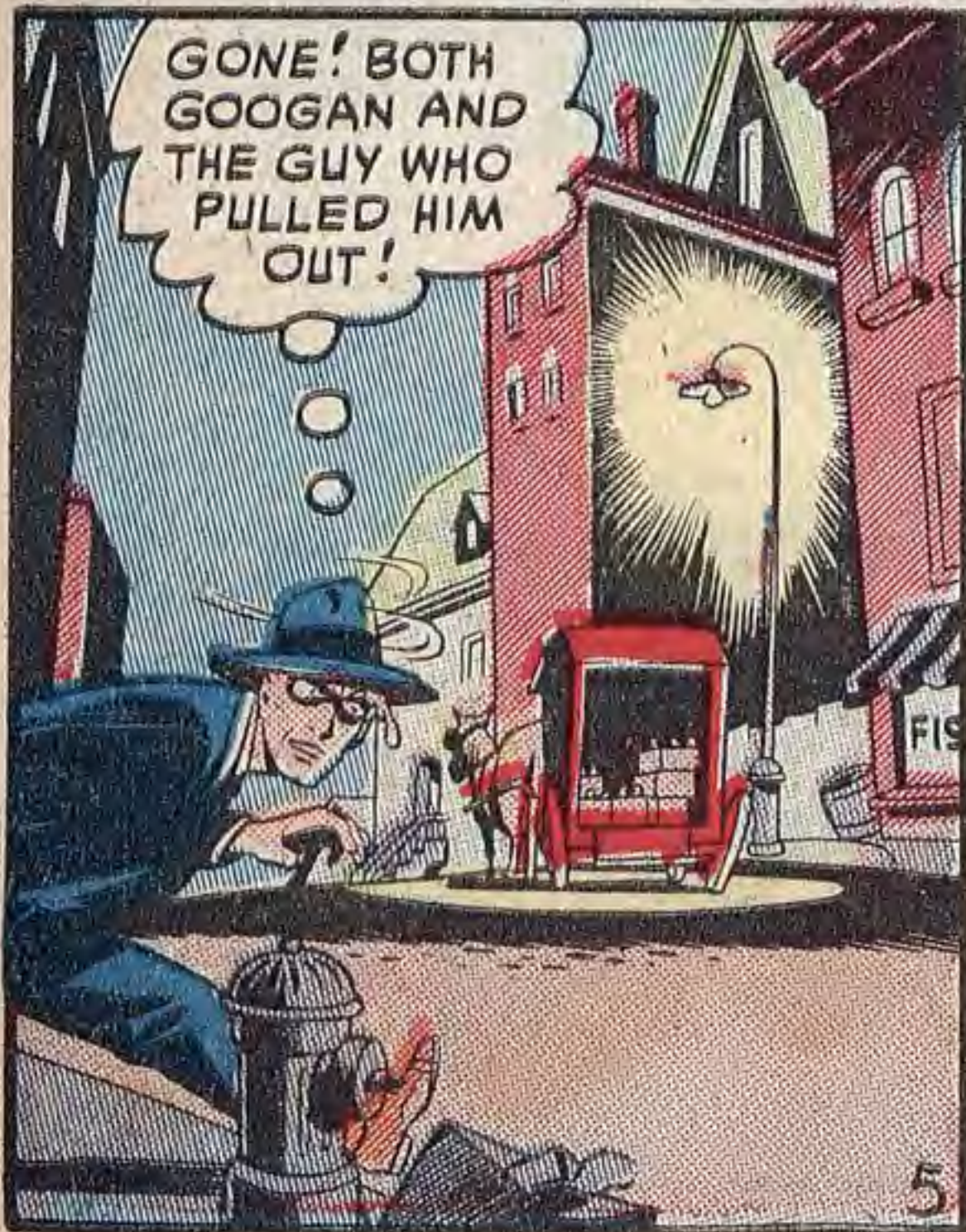
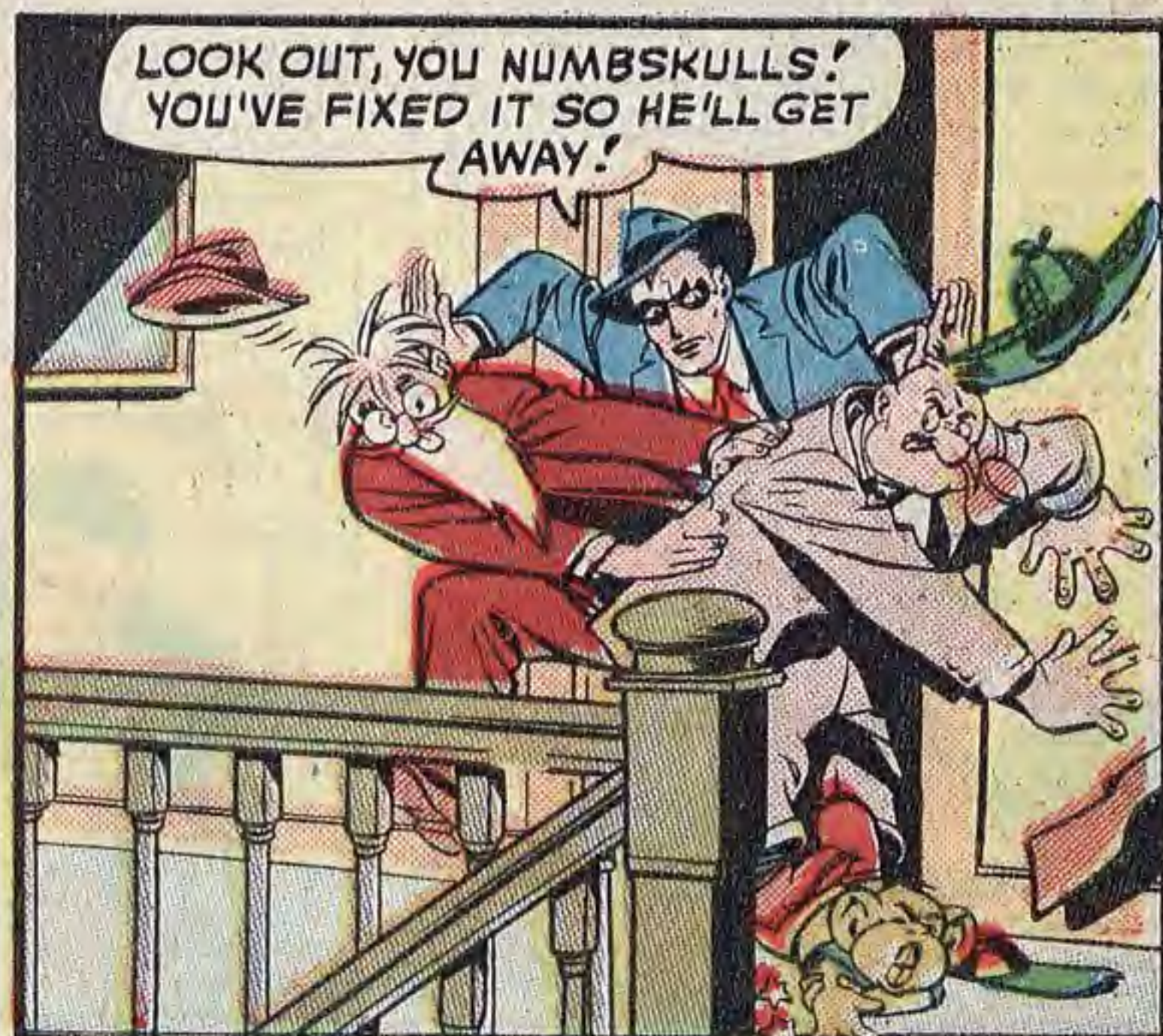
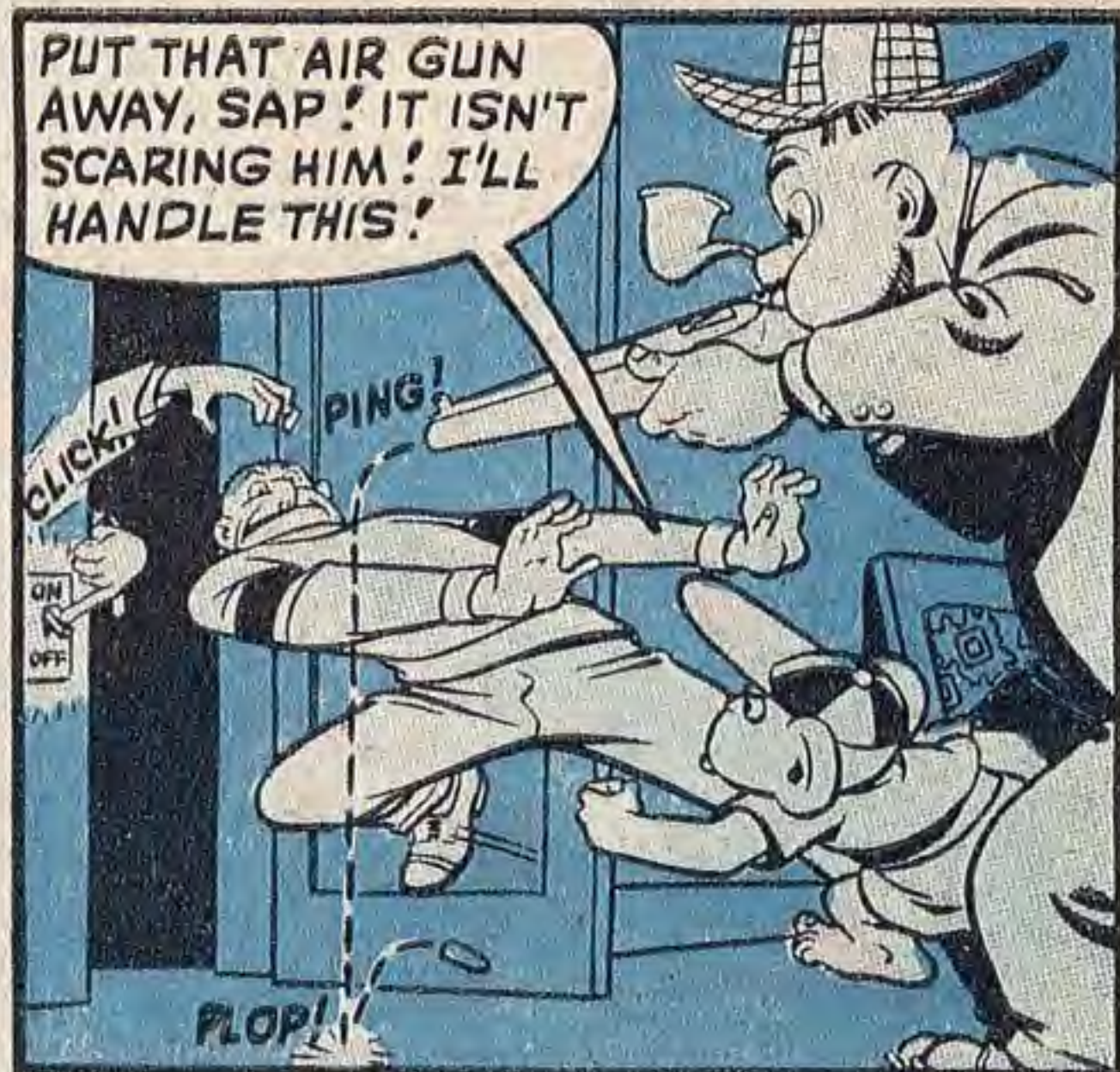
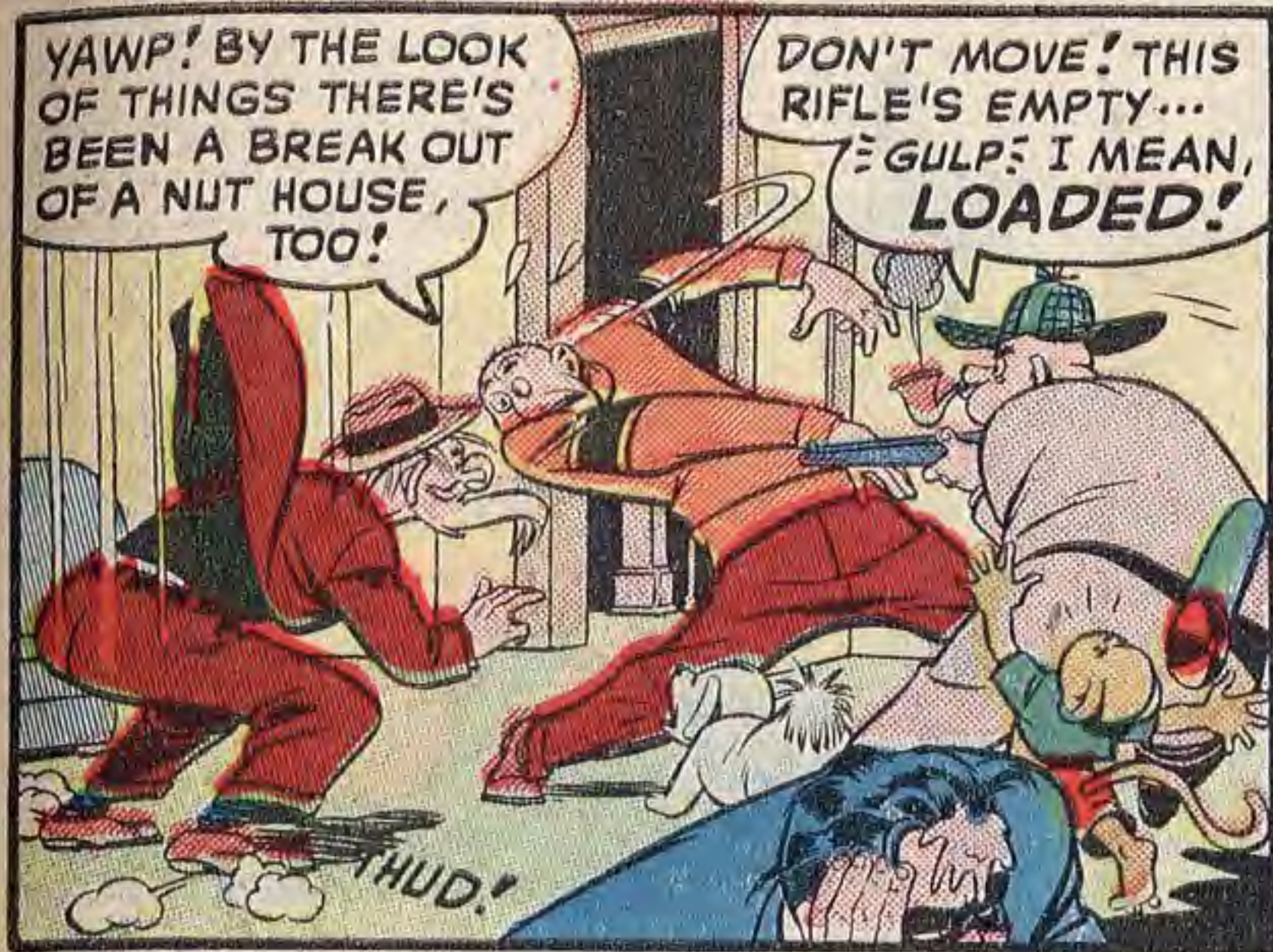


DON'T HIT ME,  
MIDNIGHT! THEY  
SAY A GUY'S  
NEVER THE SAME  
AFTER ONE OF  
YOUR PUNCHES!  
HONEST, I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
THE DOUGH  
IS!

WHY NOT?  
YOU WERE  
THE ONLY  
ONE WHO  
GOT AWAY  
ALIVE! YOU  
MUST HAVE  
HIDDEN THE  
MONEY! BUT  
WHERE?











YOU'RE ALL RESPONSIBLE! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED ME THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

GOSH, MIDNIGHT! YOU HAVE DRIED MUD AND BLOOD ALL OVER YOUR FOREHEAD! BETTER LET ME FIX IT!



SOME KICK HE LET YOU HAVE! LEAVE IT TO A MUG LIKE GOOGAN NOT TO CLEAN HIS SHOES EVEN AFTER HE GETS HIS HANDS ON HALF A MILLION IN A HOLDUP!

??



NEXT DAY AT THE BROADCASTING STUDIO MIDNIGHT IS HIS MORE PROSAIC SELF... DAVE CLARK, RADIO ANNOUNCER...

WOW! WHAT A COMMERCIAL! SAY, BOSS! IS THIS STUFF ON THE LEVEL?

THE REAL ESTATE GUY BOUGHT THE TIME! PUT IT ON THE AIR!

ON THE AIR

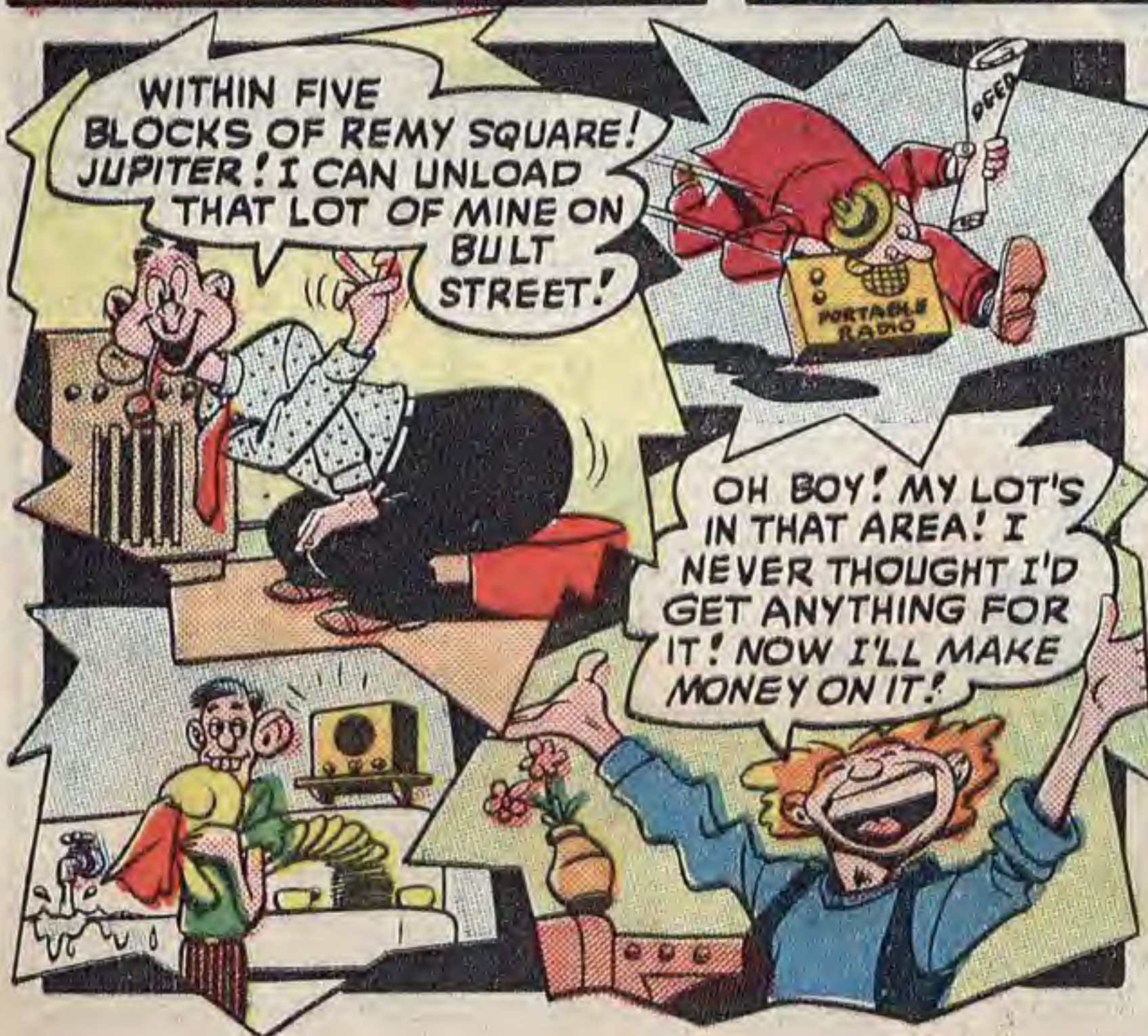


IF YOU HAVE PROPERTY ANYWHERE WITHIN A FIVE-BLOCK RADIUS OF REMY SQUARE, PAY CLOSE ATTENTION! BIG-HEARTED BOSCO, THE RIGHTEOUS REALTOR, WILL PAY TOP PRICES FOR YOUR LAND!

STATION XYZ ON THE AIR



SELL IT TODAY WHILE THE OFFER HOLDS! DON'T WAIT! REMEMBER! BIG-HEARTED BOSCO PAYS YOUR PRICE! HURRY TO HIS OFFICE AT ONCE! THE ADDRESS IS 64 BROWN STREET!



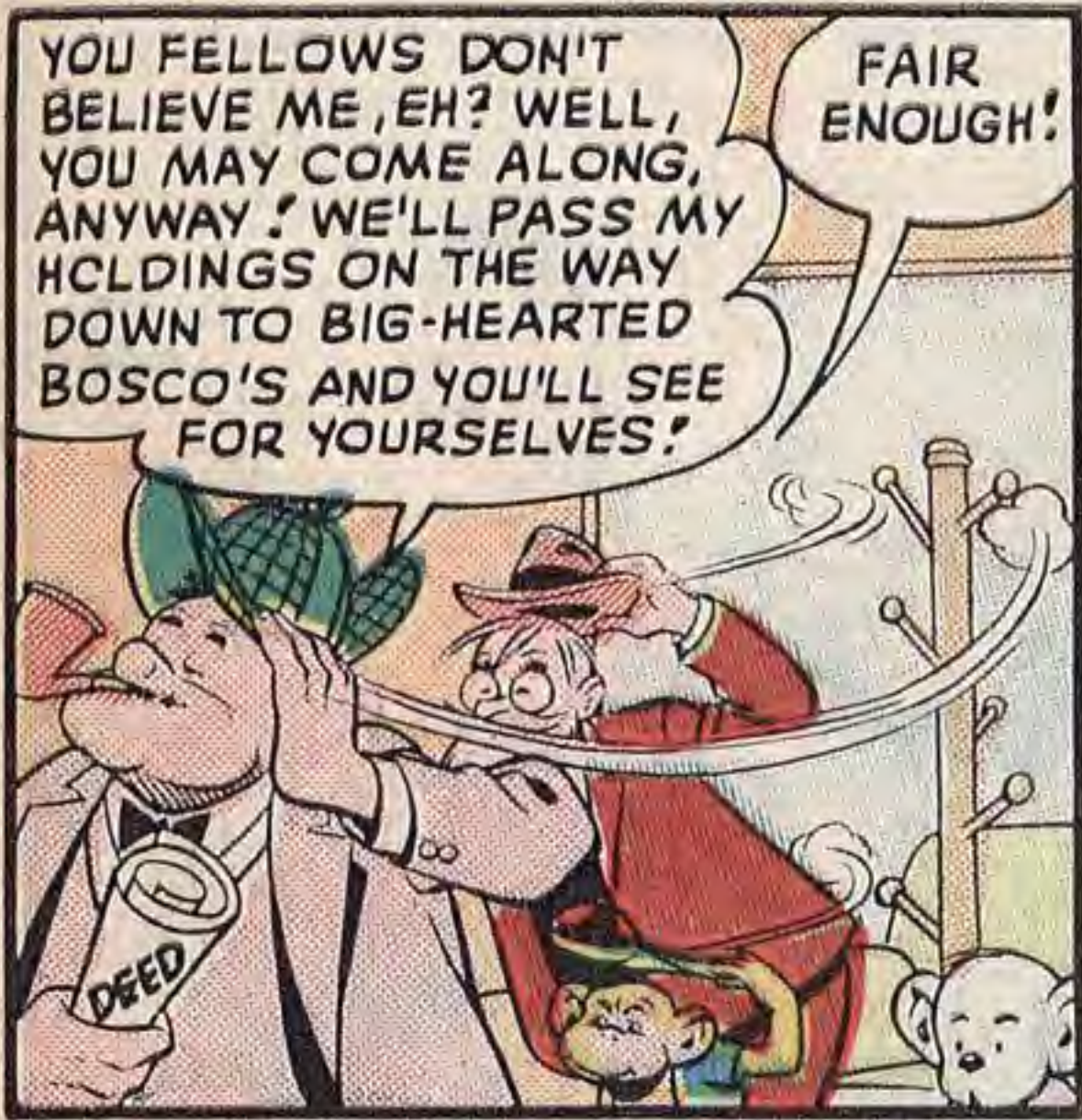
WITHIN FIVE BLOCKS OF REMY SQUARE! JUPITER! I CAN UNLOAD THAT LOT OF MINE ON BULT STREET!

OH BOY! MY LOT'S IN THAT AREA! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET ANYTHING FOR IT! NOW I'LL MAKE MONEY ON IT!



EGAD! THAT WAS DAVE ON THE AIR! HE MUST KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT! I BELIEVE I CAN MAKE A TIDY PROFIT ON MY GREGG STREET PROPERTY!

YOU A PROPERTY OWNER? HAW! HAW!





ALL RIGHT! YOU SELL IT... I BUY IT! WHO'S NEXT?



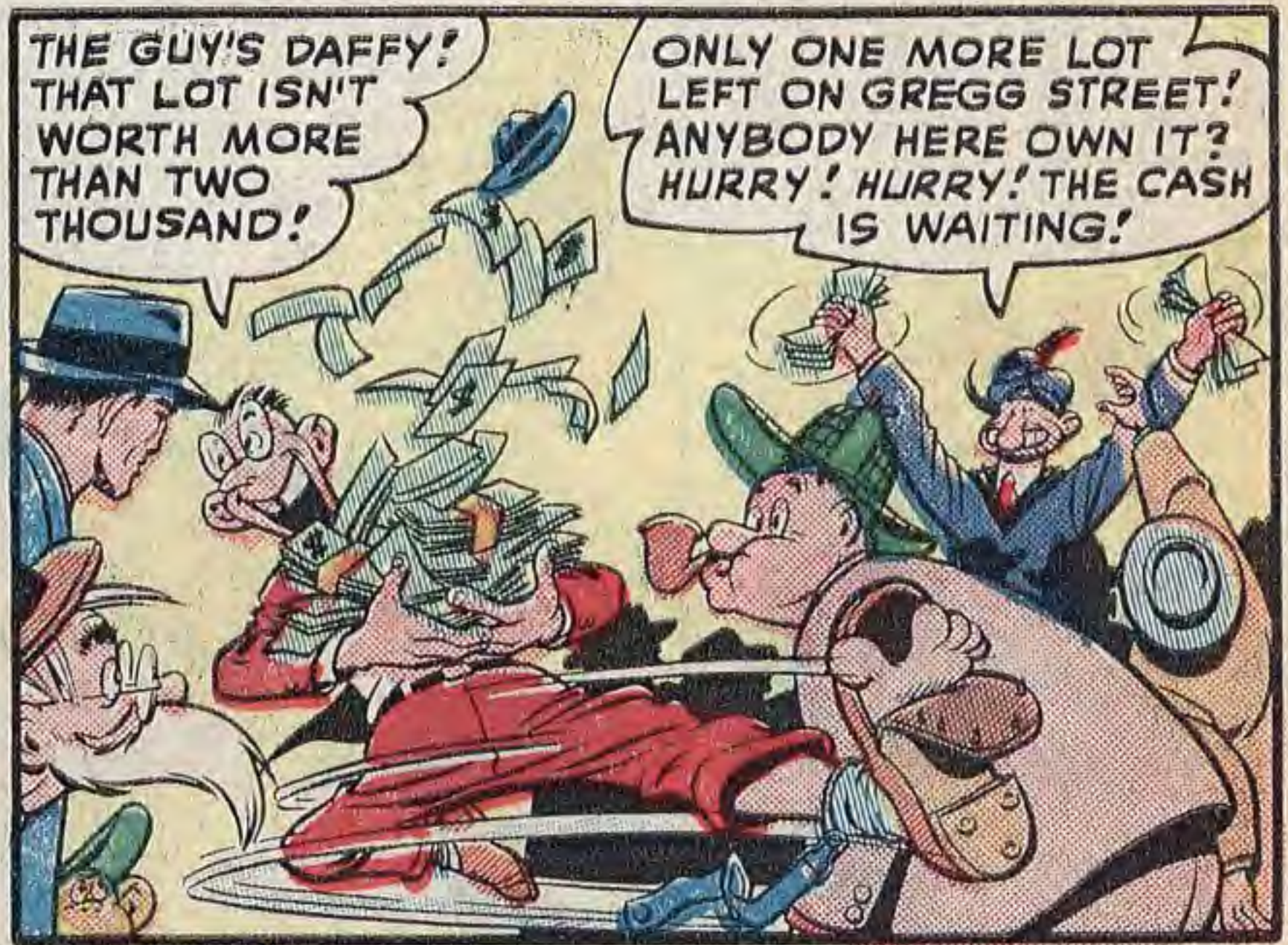
SAFE

MAP OF CITY

S-SIX THOUSAND!



YOU NAME THE PRICE... BOSCO PAYS IT! BOUGHT FOR SIX THOUSAND! HURRY! HURRY! I'VE GOT TO BUY... BUY... BUY! PEOPLE NEED HOUSES AND BOSCO'S GOING TO BUILD 'EM FAST!



THE GUY'S DAFFY! THAT LOT ISN'T WORTH MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND!

ONLY ONE MORE LOT LEFT ON GREGG STREET! ANYBODY HERE OWN IT? HURRY! HURRY! THE CASH IS WAITING!



THAT LOT MUST BE MINE!

FINE! FINE! HOW MUCH ARE YOU ASKING FOR IT, SIR?



SAY YOU'VE DECIDED NOT TO SELL, SNIFFER... I'VE GOT A BETTER ANGLE!

HUH? BUT... WELL, ALL RIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO, DAVE!



I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! I DON'T WANT TO SELL IT!

WHAT? PREPOSTEROUS, MY GOOD MAN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL PAY! I'LL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND FOR IT!



DAVE... TEN THOUSAND... MIGOSH!

EASY, SNIFFER! I'VE GOT A GOOD REASON!



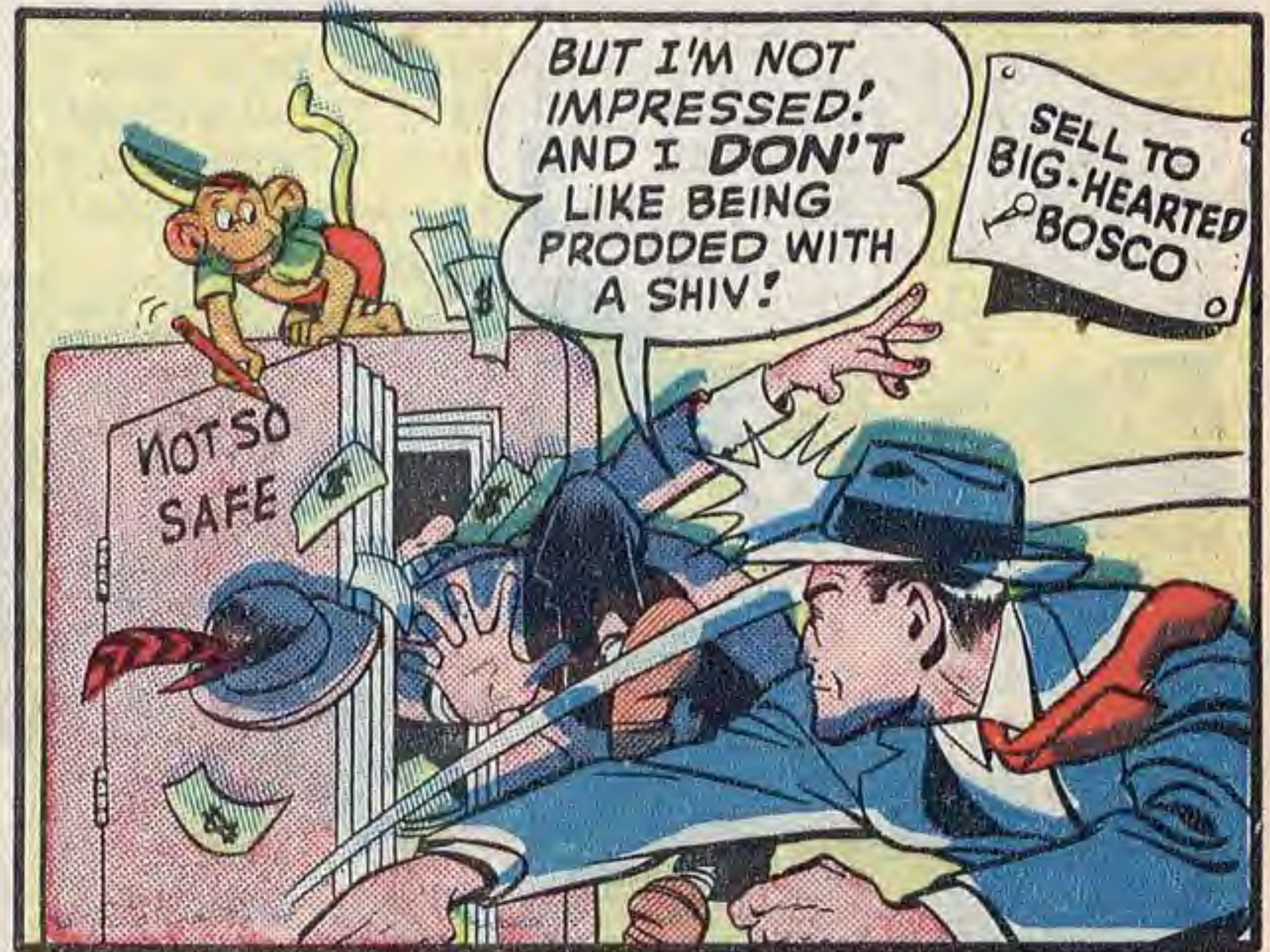
DRAT THESE HANGNAILS! SILLY OF YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, MY DEAR MAN! WHY, I'LL UP THE PRICE TO ELEVEN THOUSAND!

FORGET IT, BOSCO! HE'S DECIDED TO KEEP THE PROPERTY FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS!



SCRAM, CHUM! I'LL TALK BUSINESS WITH THE OWNER AND I DON'T WANT YOUR INTERFERENCE!

YOU'RE MAKING QUITE A POINT OF IT!



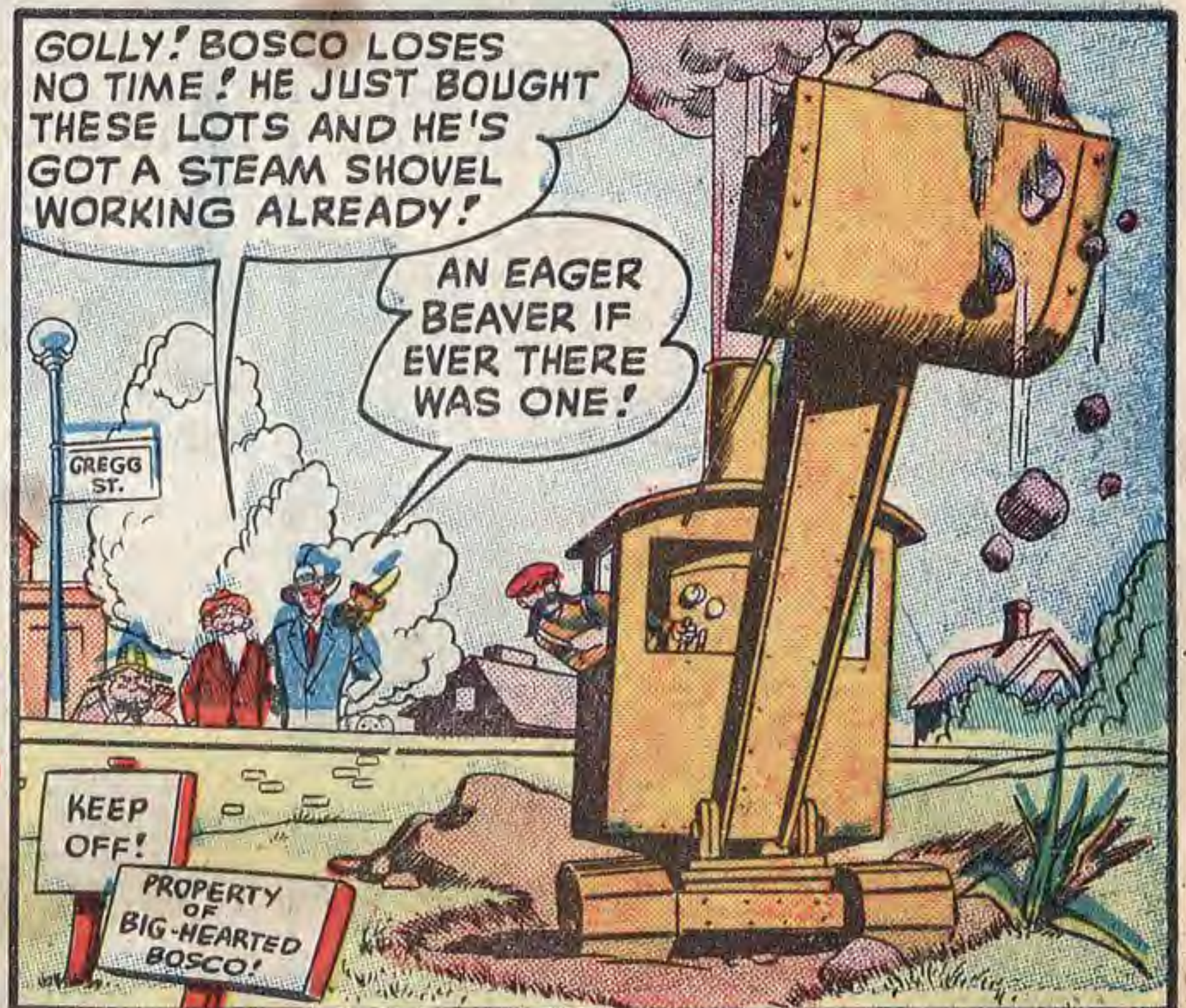
BUT I'M NOT IMPRESSED! AND I DON'T LIKE BEING PRODDED WITH A SHIV!

SELL TO BIG-HEARTED BOSCO



BUT DAVE, I DON'T GET IT! I COULD HAVE HAD ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE LOT!

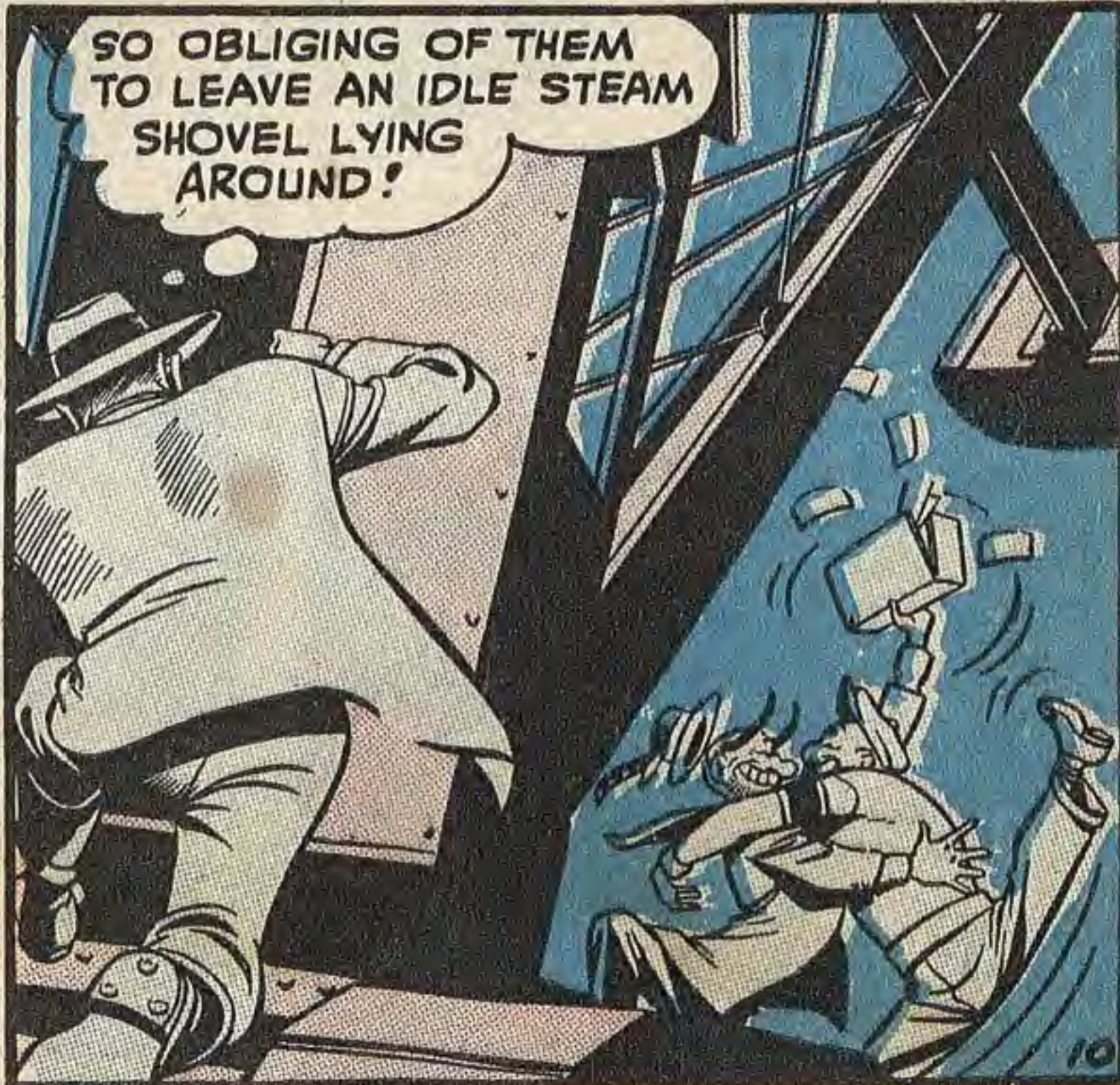
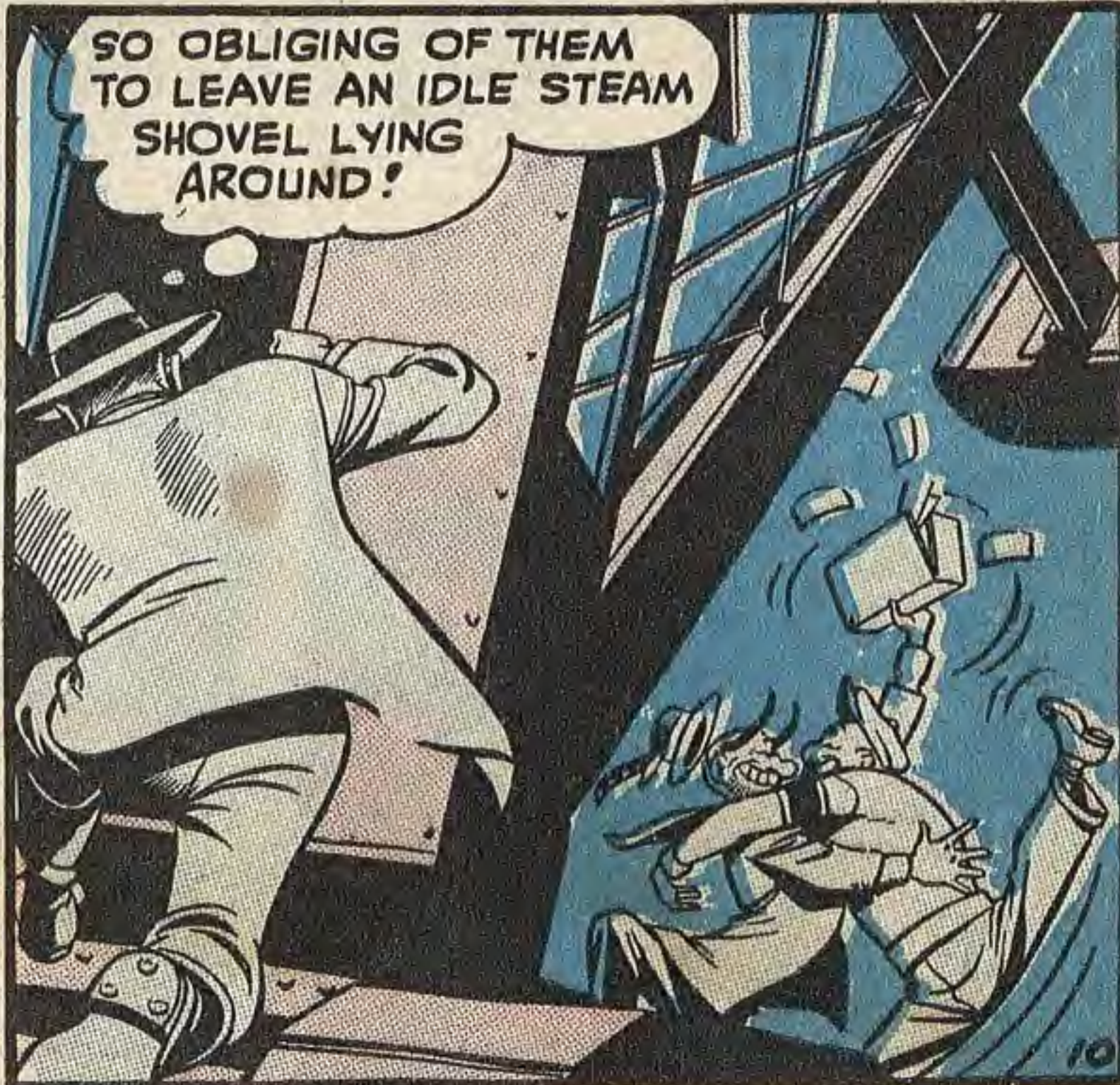
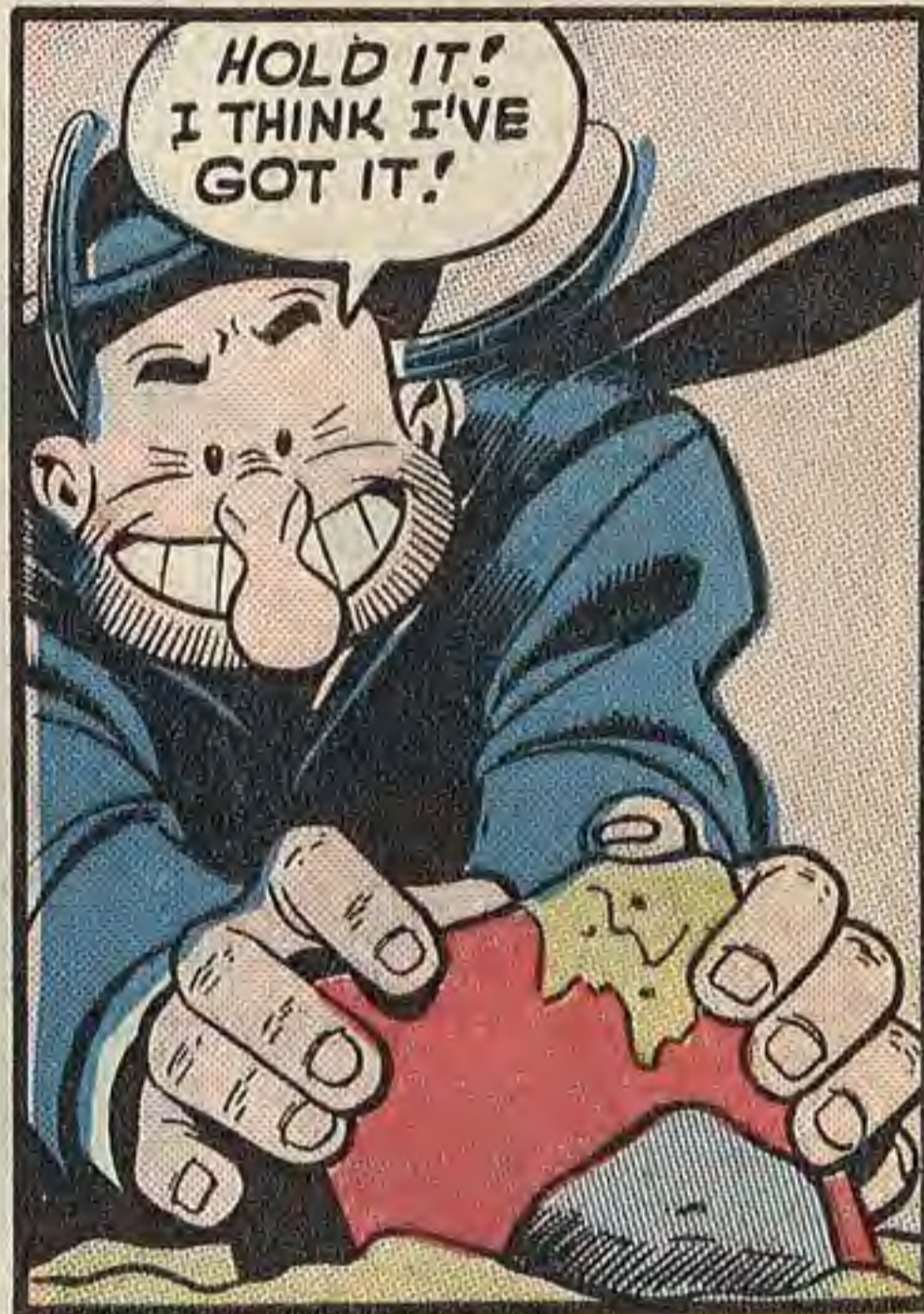
I THINK BY TOMORROW I'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE IT WAS A GOOD IDEA NOT TO SELL!

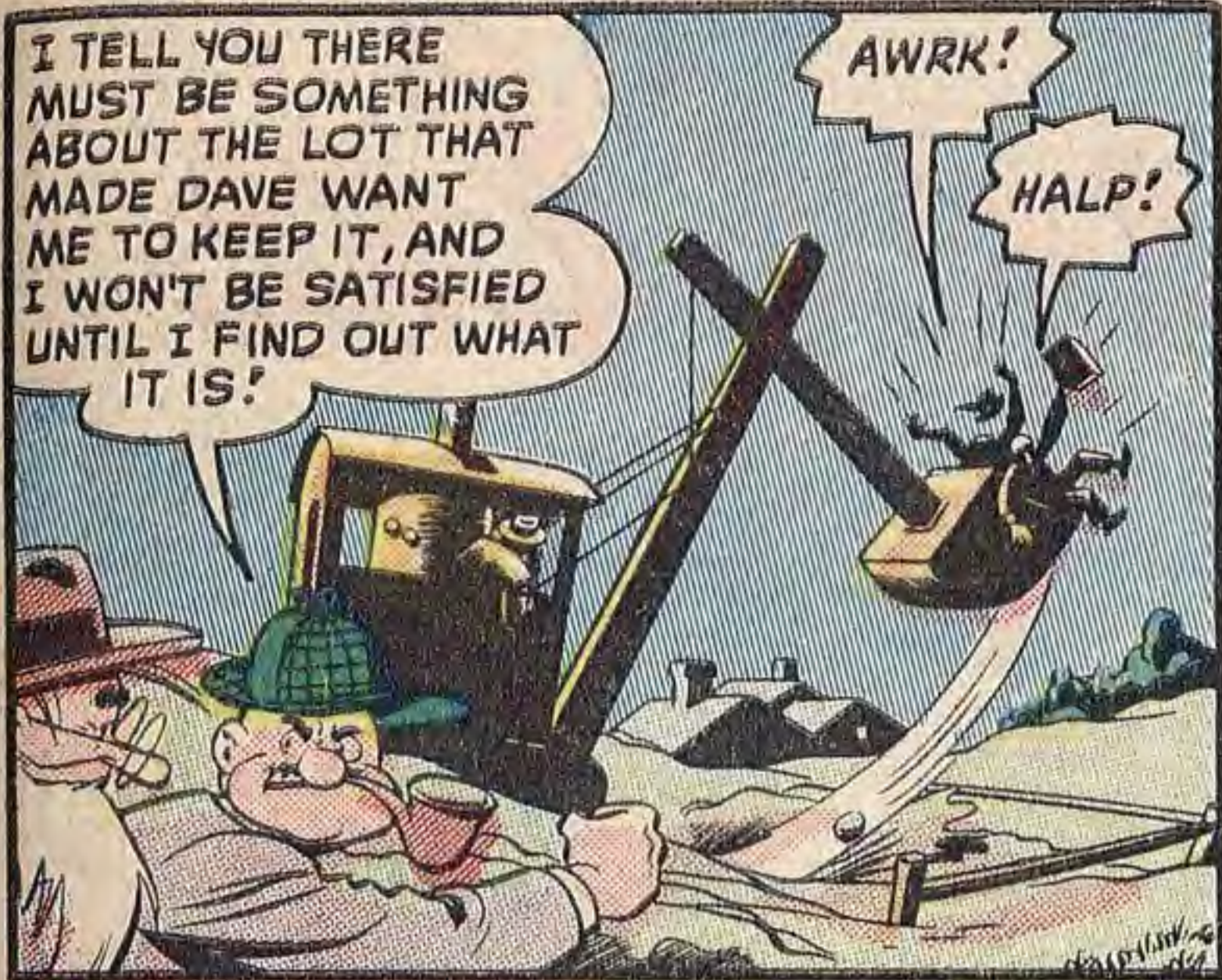


GOLLY! BOSCO LOSES NO TIME! HE JUST BOUGHT THESE LOTS AND HE'S GOT A STEAM SHOVEL WORKING ALREADY!

AN EAGER BEAVER IF EVER THERE WAS ONE!

KEEP OFF! PROPERTY OF BIG-HEARTED BOSCO!





I TELL YOU THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ABOUT THE LOT THAT MADE DAVE WANT ME TO KEEP IT, AND I WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

AWRK!

HALP!



WHAT TH...! WHO'S DIGGING UP MY LAND? MIDNIGHT!

AND HE'S GOT TWO GUYS IN THE SHOVEL!



STAND BACK, GANG! SOME FRIENDS OF OURS ARE COMING DOWN IN A SHOWER OF DIRT AND GREENBACKS!



THEY'RE NOT HURT... JUST STUNNED ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM FROM DREAMING UP ANY LIES ABOUT THAT ARMORED CAR LOOT!



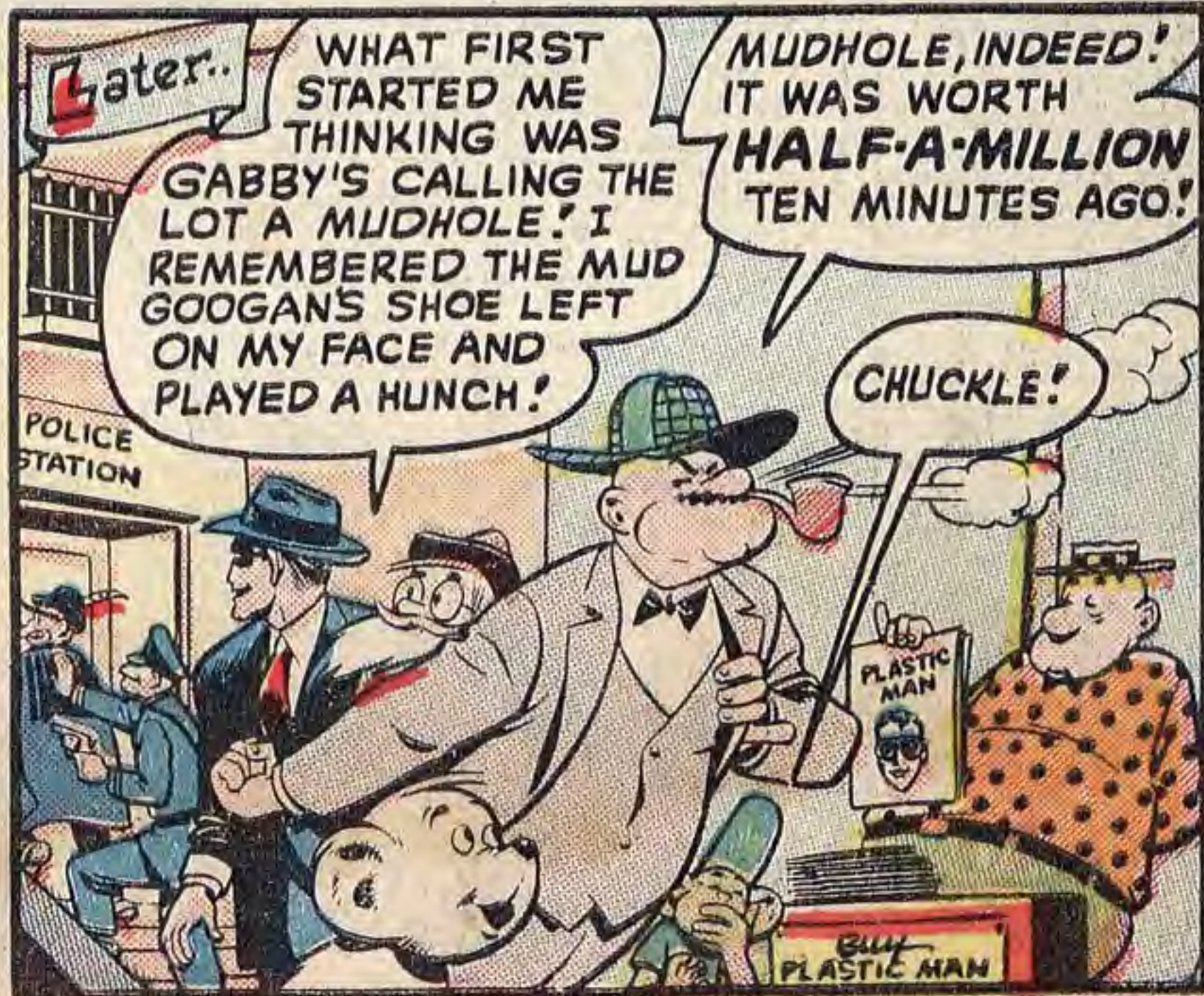
MR. GOOGAN! JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU WEREN'T LYING WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU'D FORGOTTEN WHERE YOU HID THE MONEY!

YEAH, IT WAS DARK! I COULDN'T REMEMBER JUST WHERE THE SPOT WAS!



AND I FIGURE YOU'RE THE GUY WHO HAULED GOOGAN OUT OF THE STUDIO WHEN I WAS GRILLING HIM! SINCE HE'D FORGOTTEN WHERE HE HID THE MONEY YOU DECIDED TO DIG FOR IT!

SURE! SURE! GOOGAN REMEMBERED THE GENERAL VICINITY BUT I KNEW IT WOULD ATTRACT ATTENTION IF WE DUG ON LAND WE DIDN'T OWN! SO I GOT THE REAL ESTATE IDEA!



Later...

WHAT FIRST STARTED ME THINKING WAS GABBY'S CALLING THE LOT A MUDHOLE! I REMEMBERED THE MUD GOOGAN'S SHOE LEFT ON MY FACE AND PLAYED A HUNCH!

MUDHOLE, INDEED! IT WAS WORTH HALF-A-MILLION TEN MINUTES AGO!

CHUCKLE!

# Citronella

by  
-GILL  
FOX-



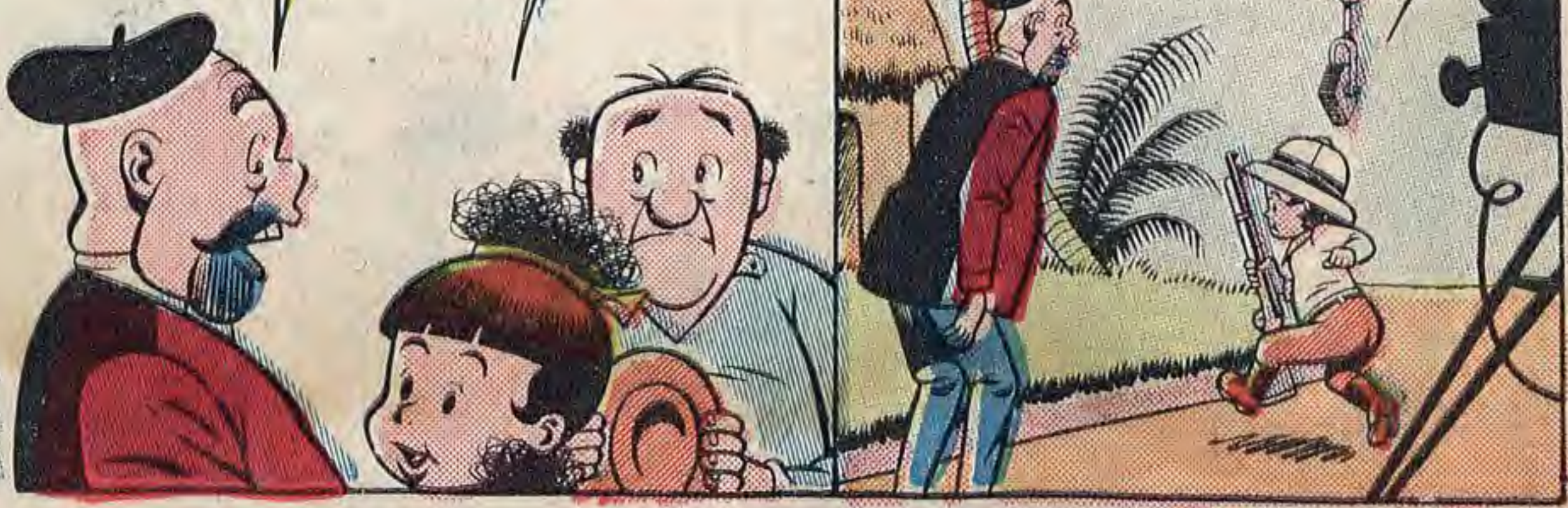
Though her father has a reputation for blunders, Citronella is still trying to get him a job in the movie studio where she has top billing as a child star...

FOR YOUR SAKE, CIT, I'LL FORGET YOUR POP'S MISTAKES! I NEED A PROP MAN TO CREATE WEATHER EFFECTS FOR YOUR NEW PICTURE, "THE LITTLE HUNTRESS"! THE JOB'S HIS!

GOSH! THANKS AGAIN, MR. FLICK!

Later... OKAY, CITRONELLA... WE'RE READY FOR THE TROPICAL RAINY SEASON SCENE! YOU EMOTE SADNESS AND START ACROSS THE JUNGLE SET!

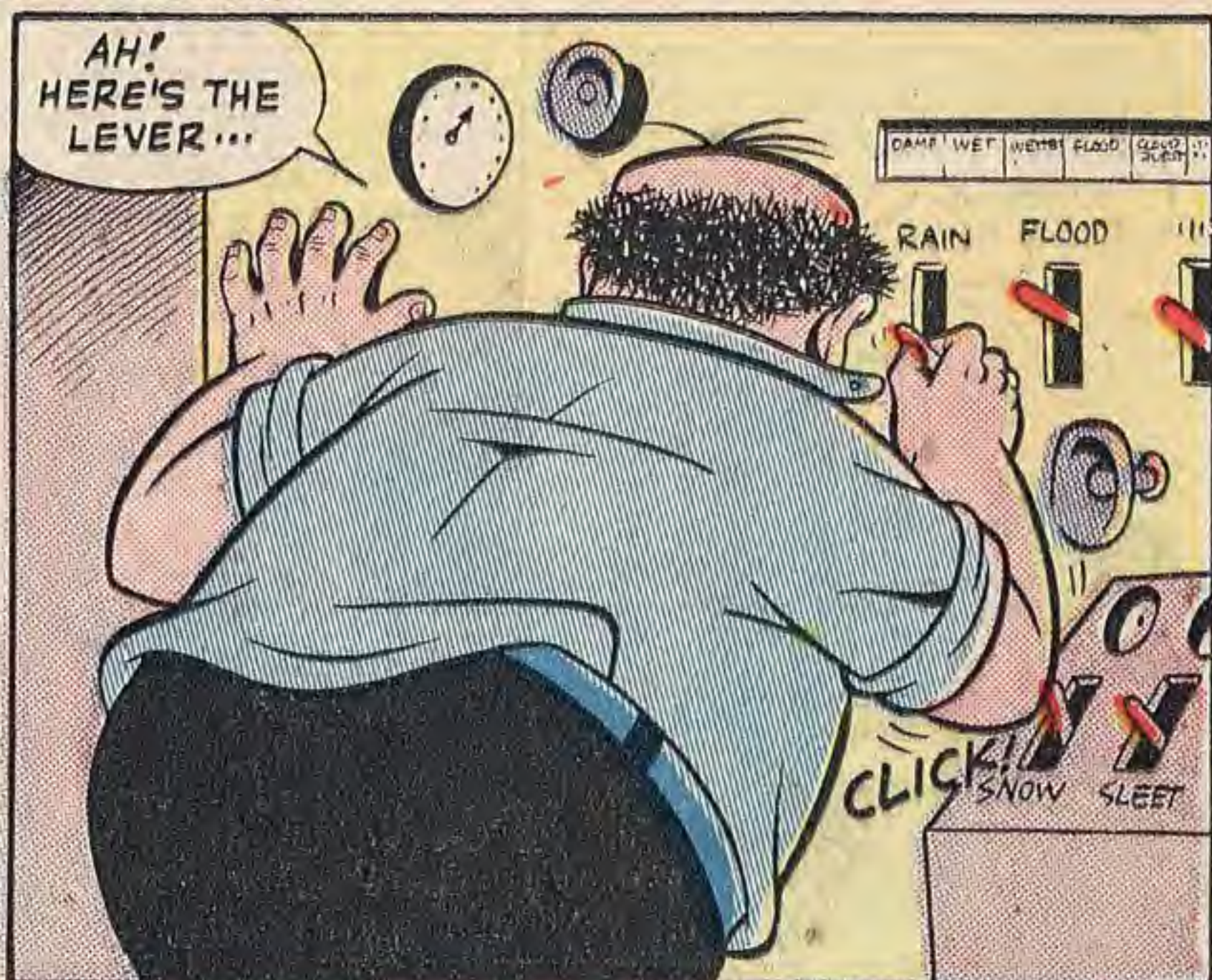
HERE I GO!





READY, PROP MAN? GIVE ME RAIN!

RAIN?



AH! HERE'S THE LEVER...

DAMP WET WETTER FLOOD CLOUDS...

RAIN FLOOD

CLICK! SNOW SLEET



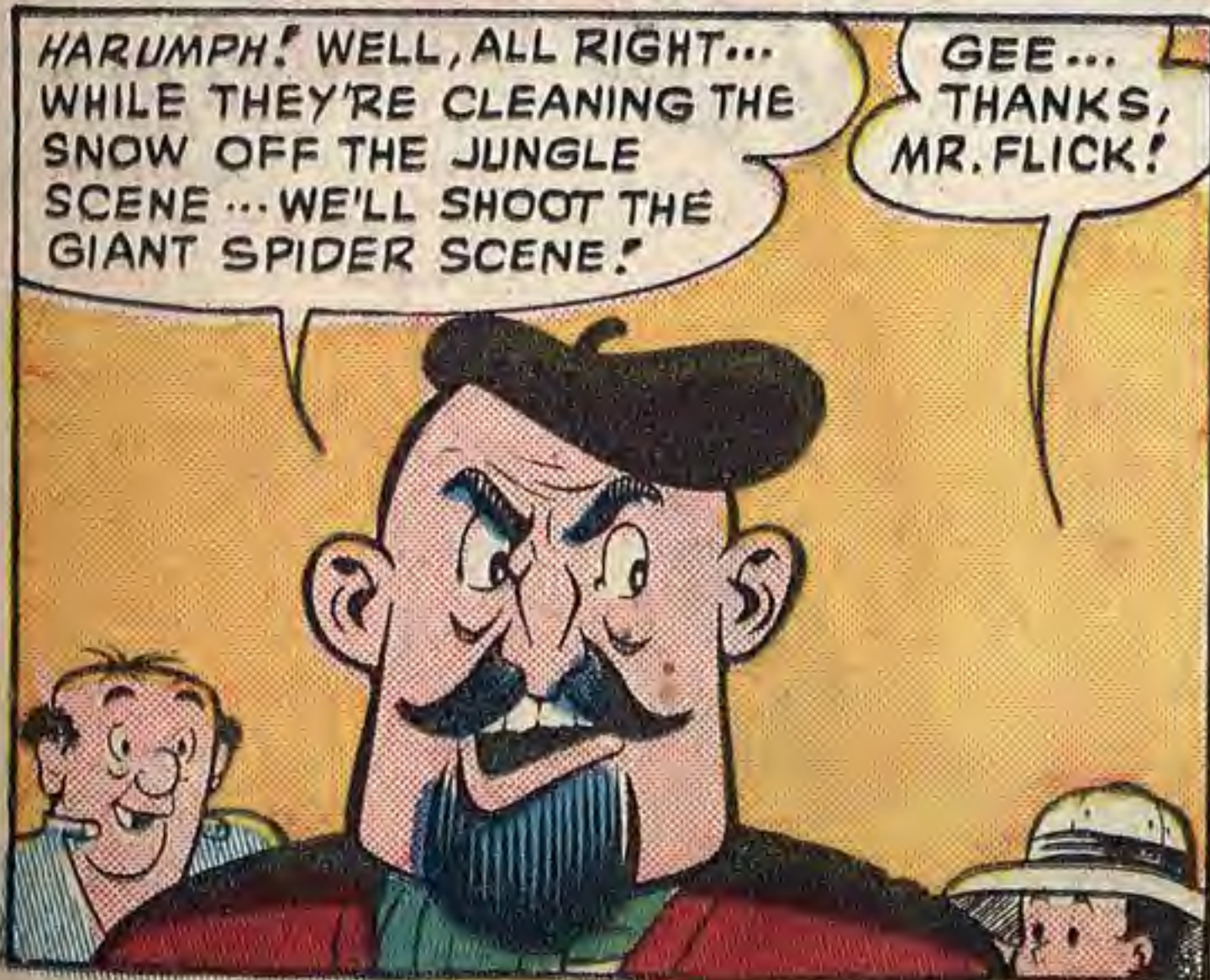
YIPE! HE'S GIVING ME SNOW!



ER... COULDN'T WE MAKE THIS AN ARCTIC HUNT, MR. FLICK?

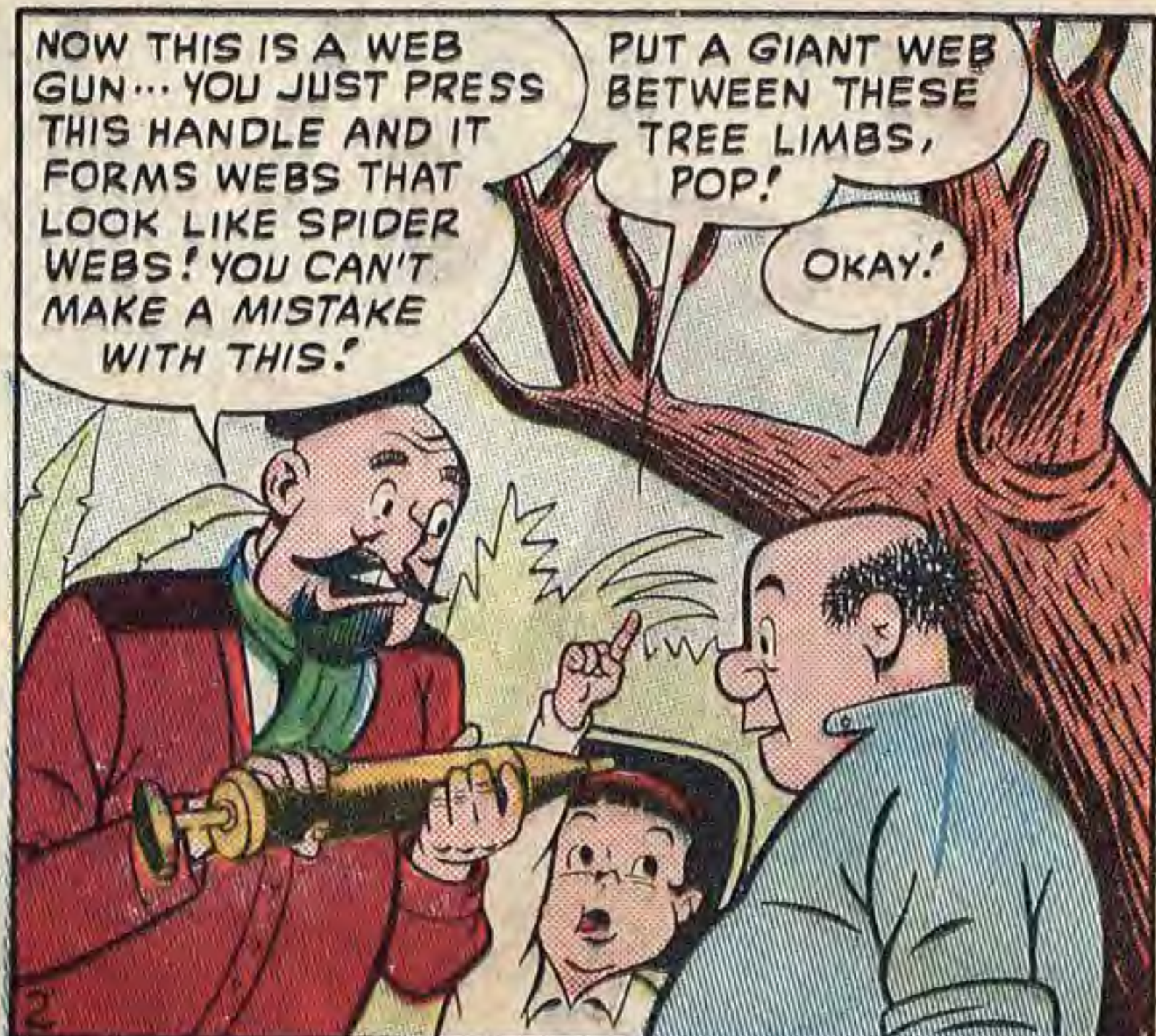
YOU'RE FIRED!

PLEASE, MR. FLICK... GIVE HIM ONE MORE CHANCE!



HARUMPH! WELL, ALL RIGHT... WHILE THEY'RE CLEANING THE SNOW OFF THE JUNGLE SCENE... WE'LL SHOOT THE GIANT SPIDER SCENE!

GEE... THANKS, MR. FLICK!



NOW THIS IS A WEB GUN... YOU JUST PRESS THIS HANDLE AND IT FORMS WEBS THAT LOOK LIKE SPIDER WEBS! YOU CAN'T MAKE A MISTAKE WITH THIS!

PUT A GIANT WEB BETWEEN THESE TREE LIMBS, POP!

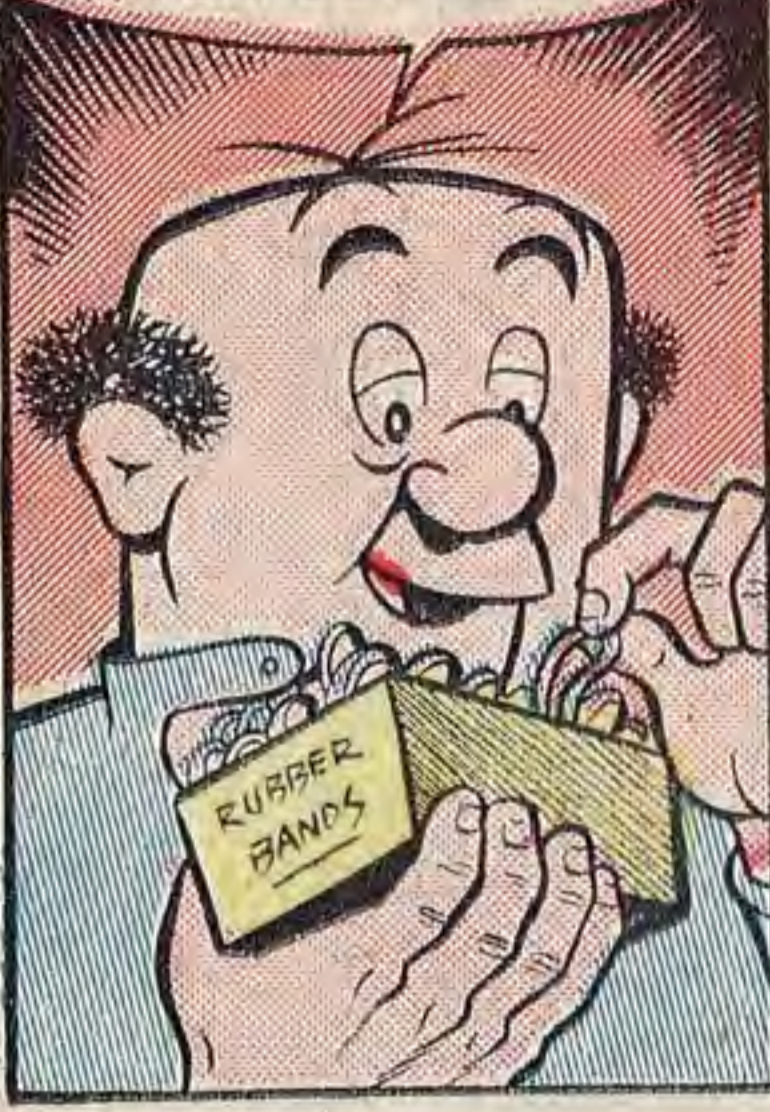
OKAY!



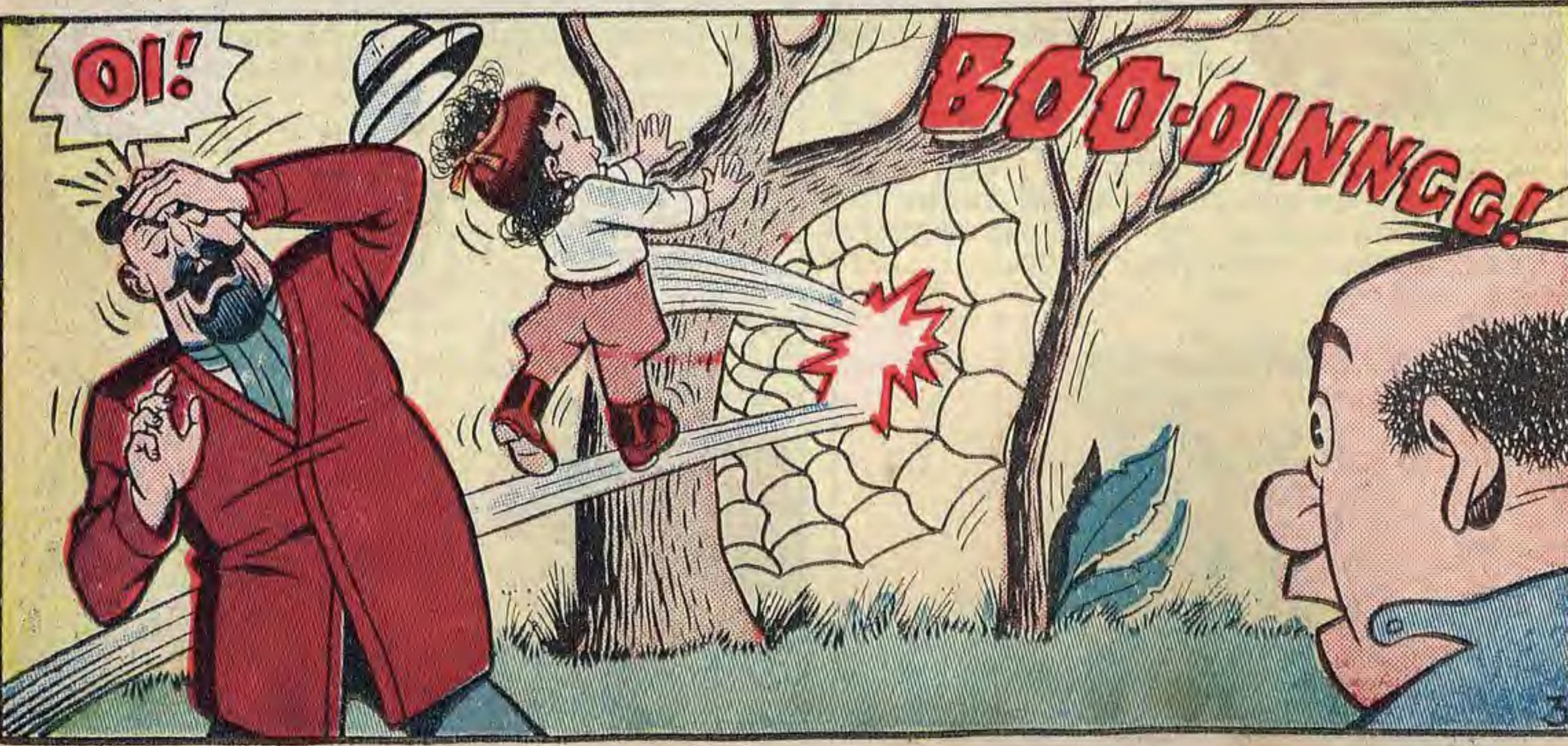
HMM...IT DOESN'T WORK!  
IT MUST BE EMPTY, AND  
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO  
CONCOCT THE WEB  
FLUID...

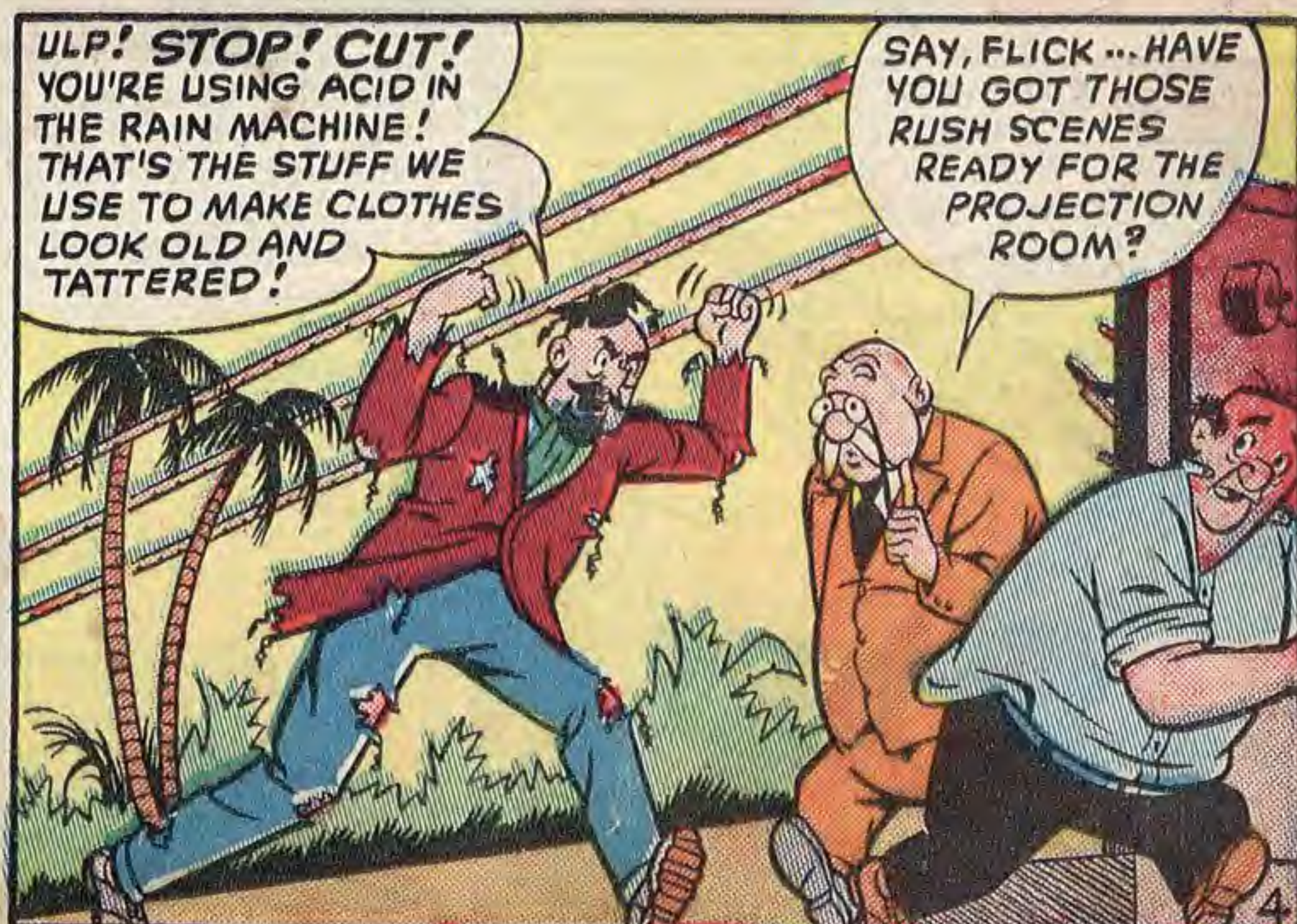
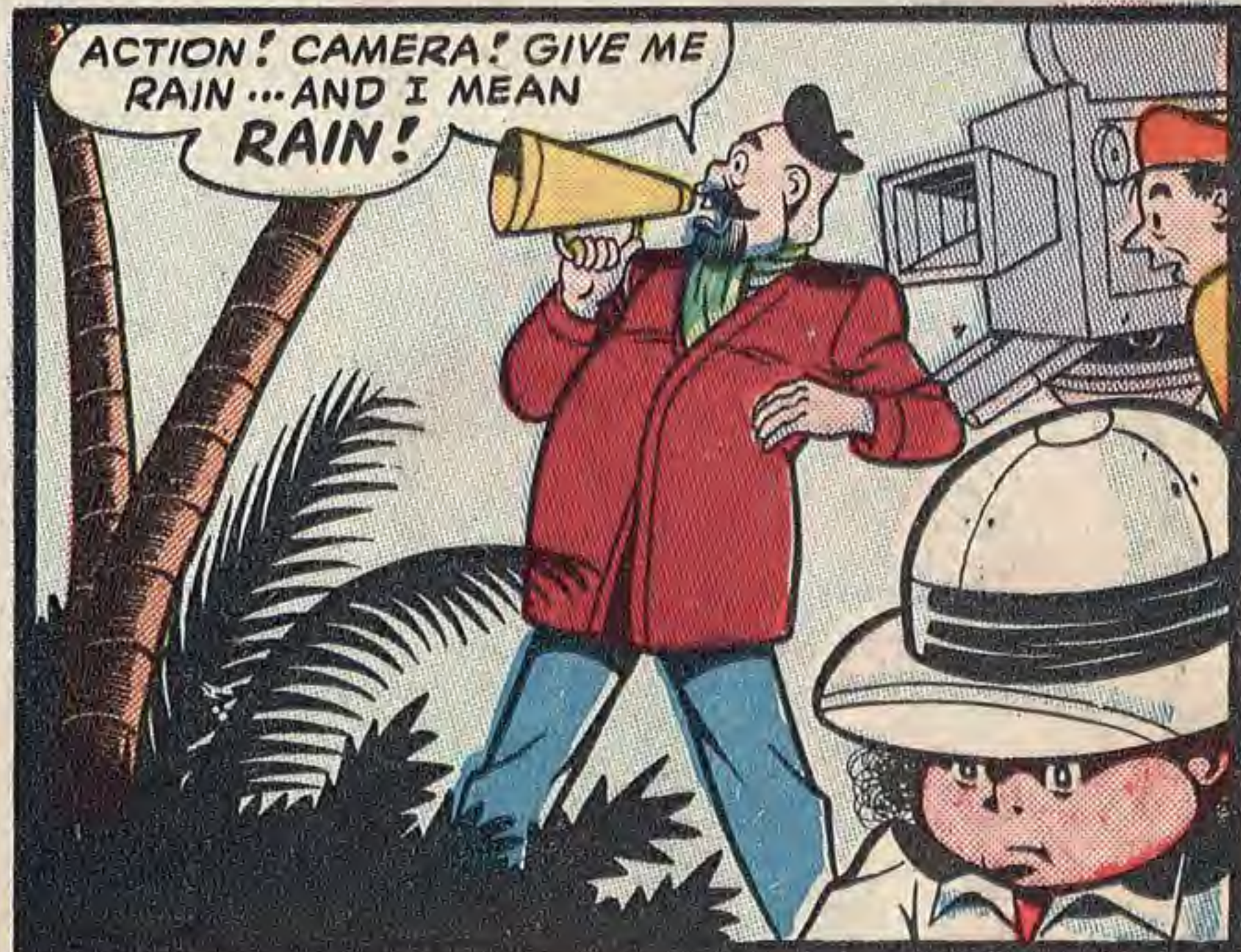


I GOT IT... I'LL USE  
THIS BOX OF RUBBER  
BANDS... THEY'LL MAKE  
A PERFECT WEB!



HMM...NOT A BAD WEB, MR.  
RUMPUS! LET'S GO, CIT! IN  
THIS SCENE YOU RUN FULL  
FORCE INTO THE WEB AND  
BECOME ENTANGLED!  
READY...





OH, HELLO, MR. MOGUL... I... ER...

WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME ON RETAKES! TAKE WHAT YOU'VE SHOT TO THE PROJECTION ROOM!

In the projection room...

HEY, FLICK! I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SERIOUS DRAMA!

IT'S NOT MY FAULT... IT WAS MY PROP MAN, MR. RUMPUS!

HA! HA! HAW! SAY, THIS ISN'T BAD AS A COMEDY! WHERE'S RUMPUS?

HERE HE IS, MR. MOGUL!

SSHH, CIT!

YOU DIRECT THE REST OF THIS PICTURE, RUMPUS! I CAN USE TALENTED COMEDY DIRECTORS!

HUH? GOSH! THANKS!

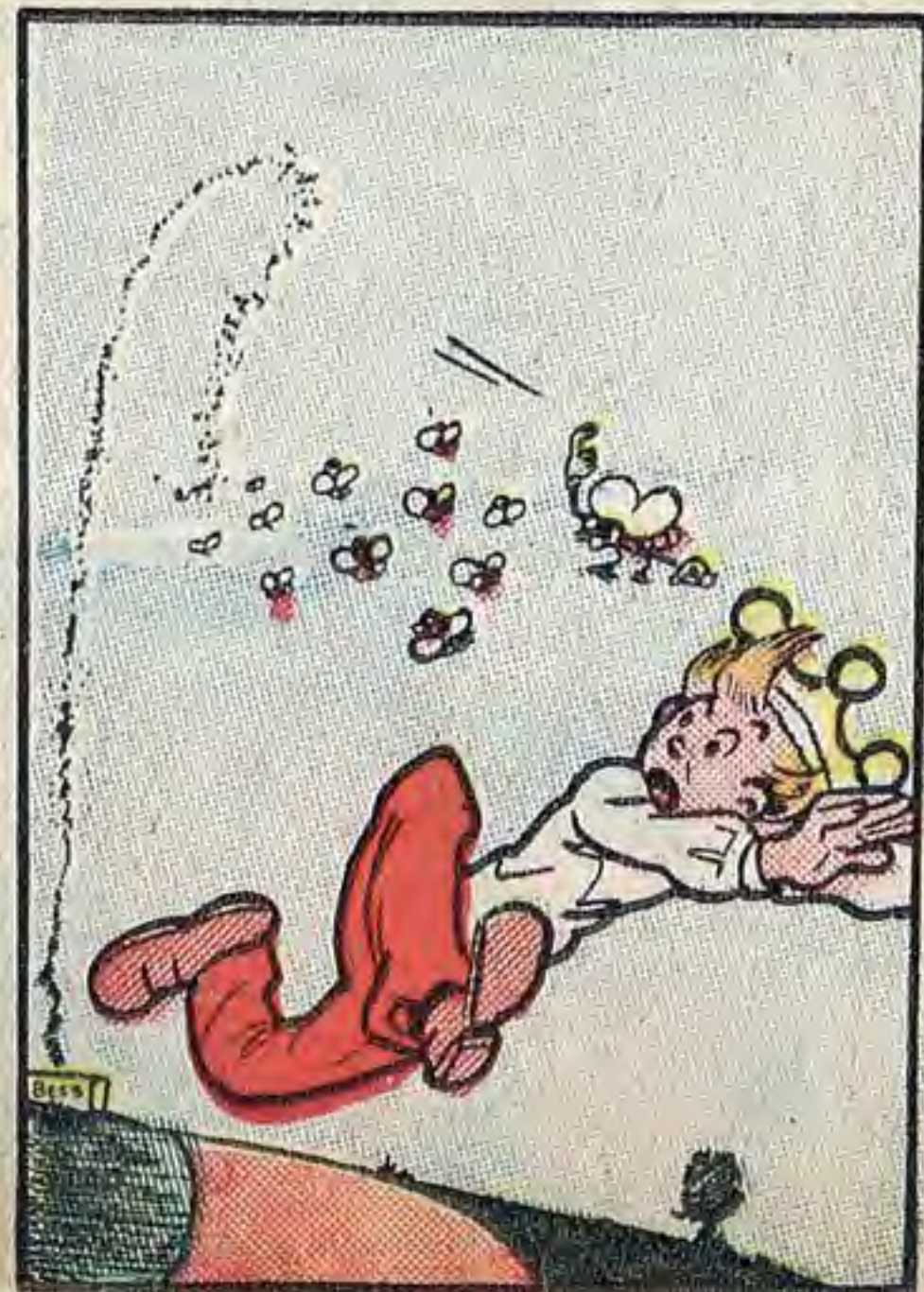
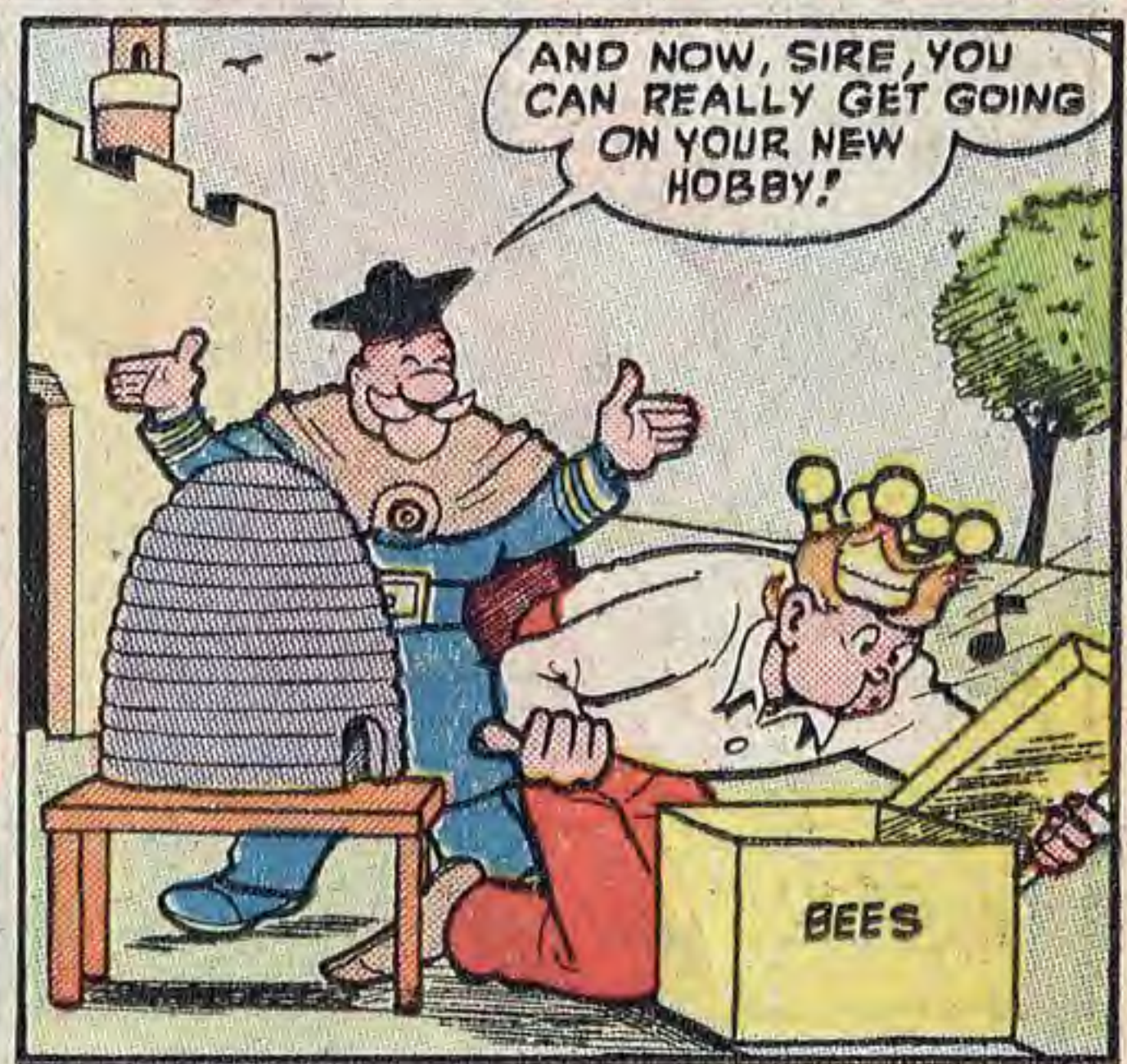
Later...

READY FOR THE DUST STORM SCENE, CIT? ALL RIGHT, GET YOUR BLOWING MACHINE READY...

AND I DON'T WANT DUST! BLOW SNEEZING POWDER ACROSS THE DESERT SET! REMEMBER! THIS IS NOW A COMEDY!

OKAY, MR. RUMPUS! A-A-ATCHOO!

# Archie O'TOOLE



# Black X



Though a metropolitan police force would hardly expect to deal with demons from another sphere, that is precisely the assignment given Inspector Beef Burton and his men! But without the help of BLACK X and his faithful servant BATU, the career of the dreadful TSIN might not have met with timely interruption!

A mysterious figure approaches Officer Gilhooly on his beat...

WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU STARTLED ME!

MY APOLOGIES, OFFICER! I AM MR. JAKARTA, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW MELANESIAN REPUBLIC! MY LIFE IS IN DANGER!



THERE ARE EVIL FORCES AT WORK IN MY COUNTRY, OFFICER! TONIGHT I FOUND THIS CARVING ON MY DOORSTEP! IT IS THE TSIN!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY DANGEROUS TO ME, MR. JAKARTA!



THAT IS BECAUSE YOU DO NOT KNOW MY COUNTRY! MY PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT WHOEVER RECEIVES THE TSIN WILL DIE! MY HOURS ARE NUMBERED!

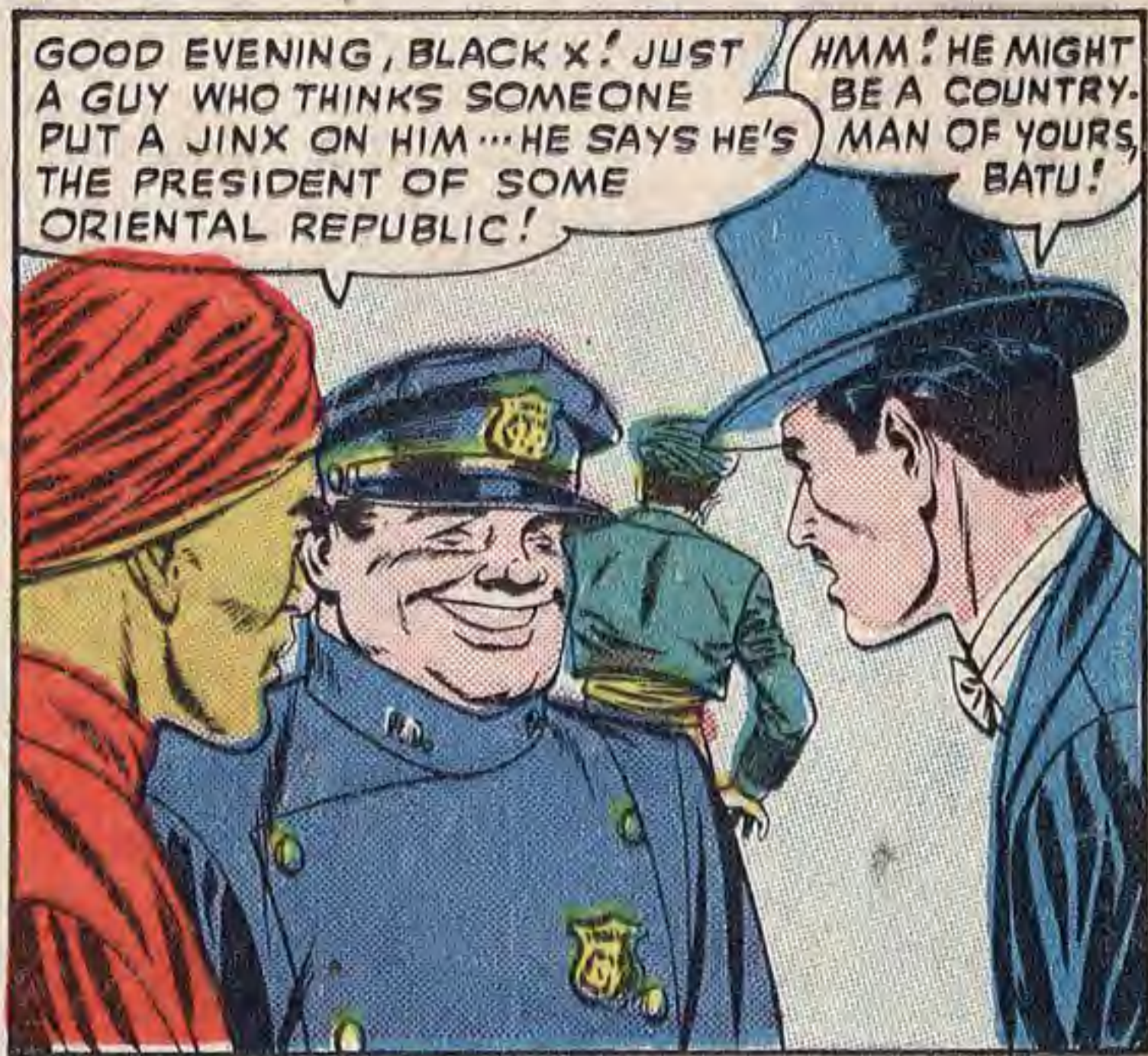
FORGET IT, MR. JAKARTA! THIS ISN'T MELANESIA... WE WON'T LET SOUVENIRS WORRY YOU!





YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME ... BUT WAIT AND SEE!

IT'S LATE, BATU! TIME WE WERE HOME IN BED ... HELLO, GILHOOLEY! WHO WAS THAT?



GOOD EVENING, BLACK X! JUST A GUY WHO THINKS SOMEONE PUT A JINX ON HIM ... HE SAYS HE'S THE PRESIDENT OF SOME ORIENTAL REPUBLIC!

HMM! HE MIGHT BE A COUNTRY-MAN OF YOURS, BATU!



HE SAYS SOME GADGET CALLED THE TSIN IS GOING TO KILL HIM! HE MUST BE NUTS!

HE IS NOT MY COUNTRYMAN, SAHIB ... BUT I HAVE HEARD OF THE TSIN! IN SOME PARTS OF ASIA PEOPLE BELIEVE IN IT ... THE TIGER DEMON OF VENGEANCE! THE BELIEF IS STRONG IN THE REPUBLIC OF MELANESIA!



YOUR INFORMATION INTERESTS ME, BATU! TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A DEMON WOULD BE A NEW EXPERIENCE!

WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS, SAHIB! I HAVE HEARD THAT THE TSIN RESPECTS NO HUMAN AUTHORITY!



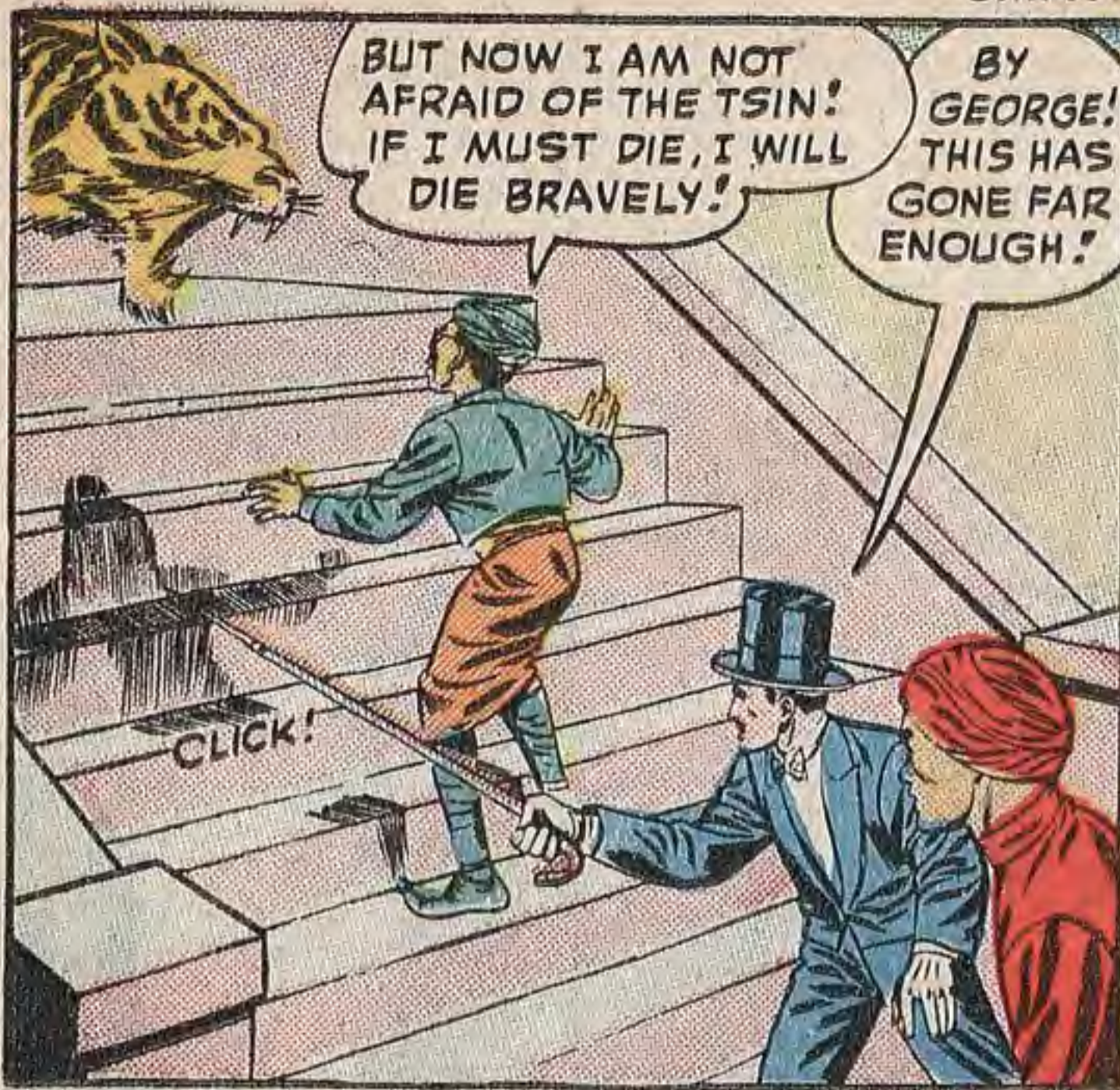
LOOK! THERE IS SOMETHING HIDING IN THE SHADOW OF THE STEPS!

I SMELL TROUBLE, BATU! I'VE A FEELING I DID WELL TO BRING MY SWORD-CANE!



AHHH! THE TSIN!

MY WORD, BATU! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING TO THIS SUPERSTITION! THE THING SEEMS TO BE GROWING IN SIZE!



BUT NOW I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE TSIN! IF I MUST DIE, I WILL DIE BRAVELY!

BY GEORGE! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!



IT IS USELESS TO STRUGGLE AGAINST THE TSIN, MY FRIEND! MAKE GOOD YOUR ESCAPE BEFORE IT DESTROYS YOU AS WELL!

PERHAPS, MR. JAKARTA... BUT SOMEHOW I'M NOT IMPRESSED!



A MIRACLE! IT HAS VANISHED!



THERE IS NOTHING HERE, SAHIB, EXCEPT SOME OLD RAGS!

NOT VERY ILLUMINATING, BATU! UNTIL WE GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, I THINK INSPECTOR BEEF BURTON HAD BETTER GIVE MR. JAKARTA SOME POLICE PROTECTION!



Half an hour later...

AND THAT'S THE STORY, BEEF! I THINK ONE OF YOUR MEN'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON MR. JAKARTA!

I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, COMING FROM ANYONE BUT YOU, BLACK X! BUT WE'LL PROTECT MR. JAKARTA!



HALLIDAY IS ONE OF MY MOST TRUSTED DETECTIVES, MR. JAKARTA! INCIDENTALLY, I'VE INQUIRED WHO ELSE LIVES IN YOUR BUILDING!

I KNOW THE ONLY OTHER TENANT IS A MR. PONSON-BY, WHO WANTS AN OIL CONCESSION IN MY COUNTRY! BUT I AM SURE NO HARM SHALL BEFALL ME WITH YOU TO PROTECT ME!



Shortly thereafter...

GOOD NIGHT, MR. JAKARTA! NOW THAT WE'VE SEEN YOU HOME, YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH HALLIDAY!

YOU OVER. WHELM ME WITH KINDNESS, BLACK X! I AM GRATEFUL!



A STRANGE BUSINESS, SAHIB! I HAVE A FEELING THAT ALL IS STILL NOT WELL!

I SHARE THAT FEELING, BATU! WHAT WAS THAT?

HELP!



YOU MUST BE PSYCHIC, BATU! OUR DEMON SEEMS TO BE BACK ON THE JOB AGAIN!

IT IS INDEED THE VENGEFUL SPECTER, SAHIB!

BANG!



HALLIDAY LOCKED THE DOOR... BUT EVIDENTLY IT DID NO GOOD!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I HEARD A SHOT!



HE'S DEAD! I GUESS THE TSIN IS NO JOKING MATTER, BATU!

THE DETECTIVE IS DEAD ALSO, SAHIB! EVEN THE MOUSE DID NOT SURVIVE!



THERE MUST BE SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION, BATU! THERE ARE NO MARKS ON THESE MEN... AND EVERYTHING IS LOCKED TIGHT EXCEPT...

I WILL GO SUMMON THE POLICE ON THE TELEPHONE, SAHIB!

IF THE POLICE ARE COMING, I'D BETTER DRESS!



...EXCEPT THE FIREPLACE! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING!

GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



SOMETHING UP THERE... THIS CHIMNEY MUST BE CONNECTED WITH THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS!



YOU HAVE FOUND A CLUE, SAHIB?



YES, BATU! WE SAW SOME OLD RAGS IN THE ASH-CAN WHERE THE TSIN FIRST APPEARED! I THINK WE MIGHT SEE THE SAME KIND OF MATERIAL IN MR. PONSONBY'S APARTMENT! LET'S GO UP THERE!

BATU... LOOK! I THOUGHT SO!

THE TSIN!



SPIRIT OR NOT, I WILL DESTROY THIS CREATURE, SAHIB!

STOP, BATU! DON'T DAMAGE IT! OUR LIVES DEPEND ON ITS REMAINING INTACT!



BUT SAHIB...

LEAVE THE DEMON ALONE... AND HELP ME WITH THIS!



WHAT TH...?

A BALLOON, BATU! AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, THIS IS MR. PONSONBY, THE OIL MAGNATE!

CURSE YOU, BLACK X! I'M PONSONBY... BUT YOU'LL BOTH CARRY THAT KNOWLEDGE TO THE GRAVE! HERE INDOORS THE EFFECT OF THE TSIN CANNOT BE DISSIPATED SO EASILY!



I COULD HAVE SHOT YOU BOTH, BUT NOW THAT I'VE SHOT THE TSIN, YOU'LL DIE ANYWAY AND THE SECRET WILL BE SAFE FROM THE POLICE!

GRAB HIM, BATU!





YOUR SERVANT MISSED ME!

I'VE KEPT THE CONTENTS OF THIS GADGET FROM LEAKING OUT... JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!



YOU PREVENTED ME FROM KILLING YOU WITH THE TSIN, SO I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT YOU AFTER ALL!

GRAB HIS GAS MASK, BATU! WITHOUT THAT HE CAN'T SHOOT US... UNLESS HE WANTS THE GAS INSIDE THE TSIN TO KILL HIM, TOO!



EVIDENTLY THIS BALLOON CONTAINS A HEAVY POISONOUS GAS THAT SINKS TO THE FLOOR IN A FEW MOMENTS... BUT NOT UNTIL IT'S KILLED EVERYTHING NEAR IT! SO, IF I LET GO, WE'LL ALL DIE!

YOU'RE VERY CLEVER, BLACK X! BUT I CAN STILL SHOOT YOU AS I LEAVE THE ROOM!



I CAN SAFELY ESCAPE WHEN YOUR DYING FINGERS RELEASE THE GAS! AND... UGH!

I GOT BATU'S PHONE CALL, BLACK X! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



BRAVO, BATU! NOW, BURTON, TELL ONE OF YOUR MEN TO TAKE THIS THING OUTDOORS AND DEFLATE IT... THE WAY WE DEFLATED PONSONBY! EVIDENTLY HE KILLED JAKARTA BECAUSE JAKARTA HAD ACCEPTED A HIGHER OFFER FOR AN OIL CONCESSION FROM PONSONBY'S RIVAL!

I'D HEARD JAKARTA HAD TURNED HIM DOWN... BUT I NEVER THOUGHT PONSONBY WOULD GO THAT FAR! I'LL SEE THAT HE PAYS FOR THE MURDER OF HALLIDAY, TOO!



IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE DEMON OF VENGEANCE WAS ONLY A LOT OF HOT AIR, SAHIB!

YES, BATU... THAT'S OFTEN THE WAY WITH GHOSTS! HO, HUM! IT'S TIME WE WERE GETTING SOME SLEEP!



# LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling



HOLA! HAZ ABOUT A COPO' COFFEE, HELGA, HAH?

SURE, L. PEECOLO-- FOR YOU ANY TIME-- -- UHH---



PFOO! VAR HAVE YOU BEEN?



SKEDADDLE OUT OF HAR! AY YUST CLEANED THE KITSEN! PFOO!

WHY, PEECOLO! HORRORS! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



EXCOOG'A PLEASE, MISS BRENDA! I'MA GET EEN A BEET OF TROBBLES! WAS LIKE THEES---

I'MA JOST WALKEENG ALONG LIKE NOBODY'S BEEZNESS WHEN---



JUST COME ALONG QUIET, LUG!

INTO THE CAR!



OUTSIDE, BLACKJACK! DON'T TAKE ALL DAY!

WHA'Z THEES BLOCKJOCK? I'MA NO BLOCKJOCK!



THE GUY'S A COMEDIAN, NO LESS! START DIGGING, COMEDIAN!

DEEGING? I-- WHAR I'MA GONNA DEEG?



YOU KNOW BETTER THAN WE DO, BLACKJACK-- THAT'S WHY YOU GOT THE JOB!

HAZ THEES? HALL RIGHT?

IT BETTER BE!



SAY, NATE, YOU SURE ABOUT THIS LUG? I NEVER HEARD NO MENTION O' NO MOUSTACHE!

HM.. THA'S RIGHT-- AND WHAT'S HE DOIN' IN THAT CHAUFFEUR'S OUTFIT? HEY-- MAYBE WE GOT THE WRONG GUY!!



YOU BETCHA YOU' SA PEECK THE WRONG GUY!---



-- THE WRONG GUY TO TONGLE WEETH!



CITY GARBAGE DUMP



YOU MAY HAVE STUMBLERD ACROSS SOMETHING HOT, PEECOLO! HERE!-- I'M SWITCHING TO LADY LUCK!



OH, DEAR.. THERE'S NO WAY TO AVOID IT... I SUPPOSE THE INVESTIGATION MUST START AT THE DUMP!



CAREFUL, PEECOLO-- HAH! THEY IF ANYONE'S AROUND, WE WANT TO SEE THEM FIRST! ARE RETURNED! OVER THAR!



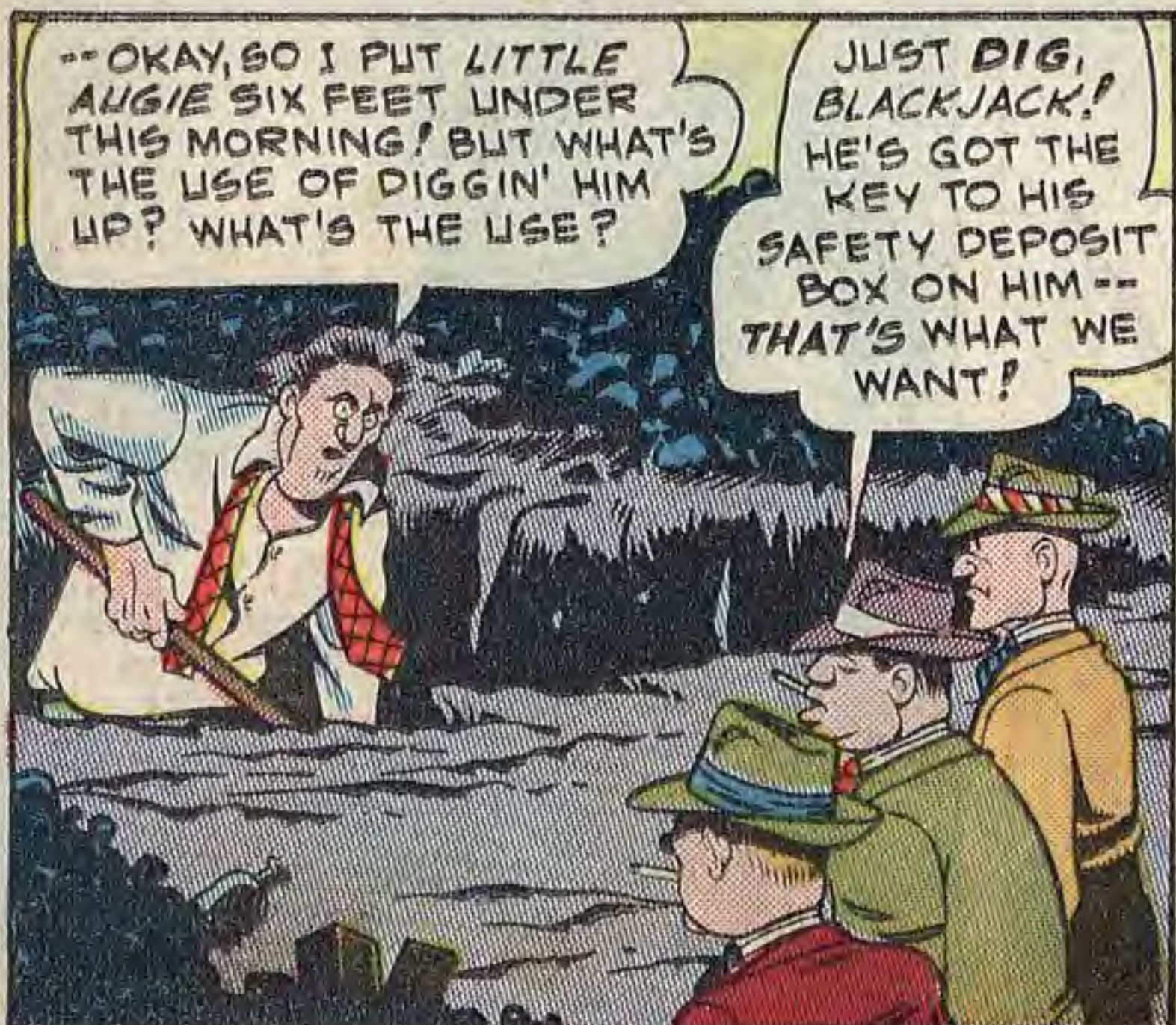
THAT BIG FELLOW.. HE'S BLACKJACK JORDAN! I'VE HEARD RUMORS THAT HE'S TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON LITTLE AUGIE'S "NUMBERS" COMBINE!



SAY! IT'S BEGINNING TO DAWN ON ME! THE OTHERS ARE LITTLE AUGIE'S MOBSTERS.. THEY'RE ALL PINT-SIZED!



HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO SCRAMBLE THE NUMBERS RACKET, PEECOLO-- YOU GIVE THEM ONE SHOT FROM HERE AND THEN STEAL AROUND BEHIND THEM WHILE I TRY TO KEEP THEM OCCUPIED!



--OKAY, SO I PUT LITTLE AUGIE SIX FEET UNDER THIS MORNING! BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF DIGGIN' HIM UP? WHAT'S THE USE?

JUST DIG, BLACKJACK! HE'S GOT THE KEY TO HIS SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX ON HIM-- THAT'S WHAT WE WANT!



WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME! I BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU GUYS TO COME AN' DIG ME OUTA HERE ALL DAY-- OH, IT'S YOU!

SMASH COMICS



HERE'S WHERE YOU GET IT, BLACKJACK!



HI, BOYS! HAVING A LITTLE PARTY?

LADY LUCK!!



BETTER HAND OVER THE ARTILLERY, KIDS! THE COPS HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!



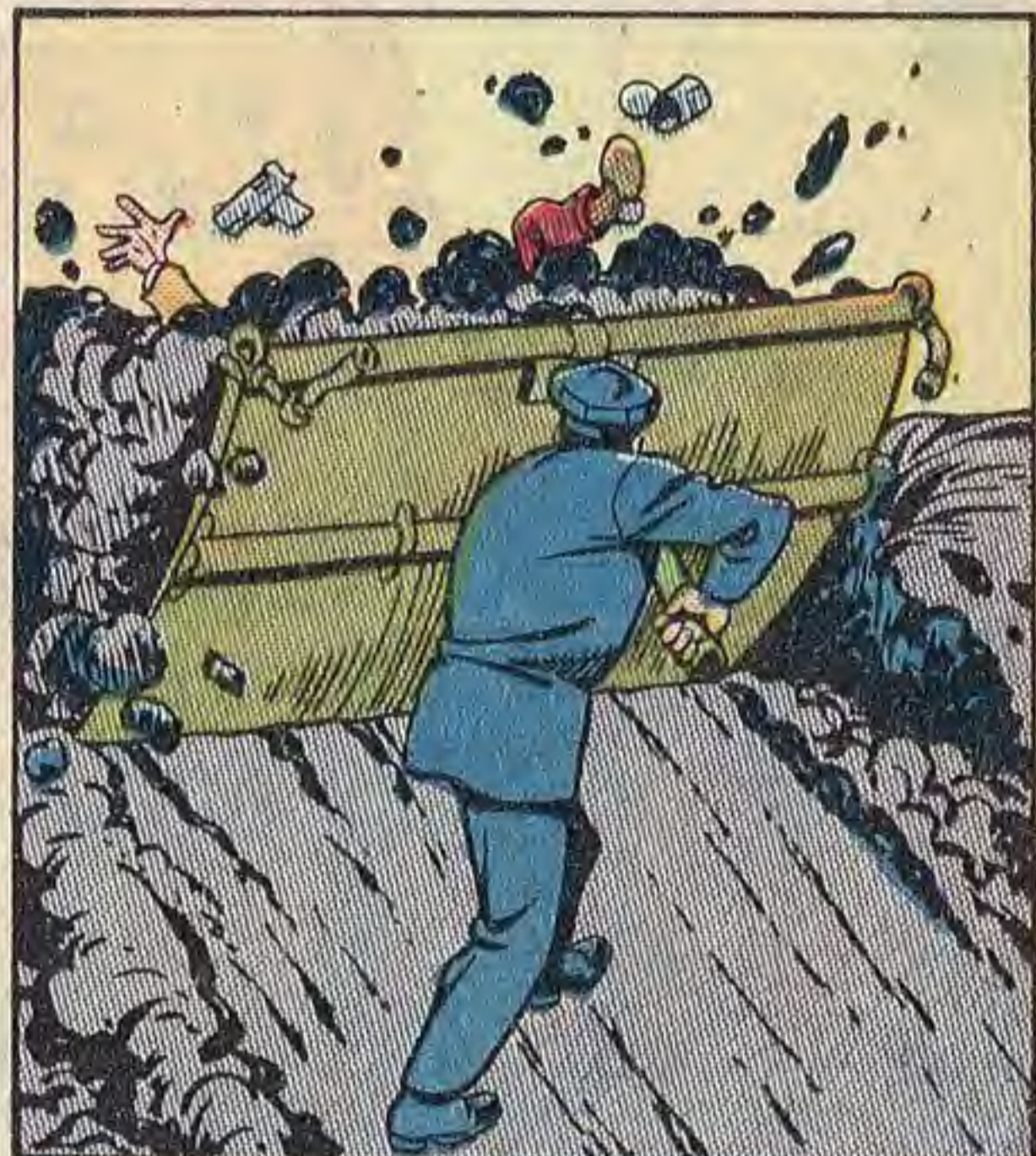
LET 'EM COME AN' GET US!

WHEW!



HOTSY-TOOTSY! AN OLD SNOW-PLOW!

BANG BANG



WHAT'S ALL THE GUNPLAY ABOUT? YOU CAN HEAR IT HALF A MILE AWAY!



THEY ALL HERE?

ALL EXCEPT LITTLE AUGIE-- WHAT BECAME OF HIM?



OUCH!

# Batch BACHELOR

ADMISSION  
ADULTS 50¢  
CHILDREN 25¢



64  
BART  
TUMBY

BOO HOO!  
WHAT A  
WONDERFUL  
PICTURE!  
SOB!

WE GOTTA CUT OUT THESE SAD  
MOVIES! YOU'RE SHRINKING  
MY SUIT!



NOW  
SHOWING  
"FOR  
CRYING  
OUT  
LOUD"  
Year's  
Saddest  
Picture

STARRING  
Sylvia Sobbb

NO, BUNNY, NO!  
DON'T YOU LIKE  
ANYTHING  
BUT SAD  
PICTURES?

STARK  
SORROW

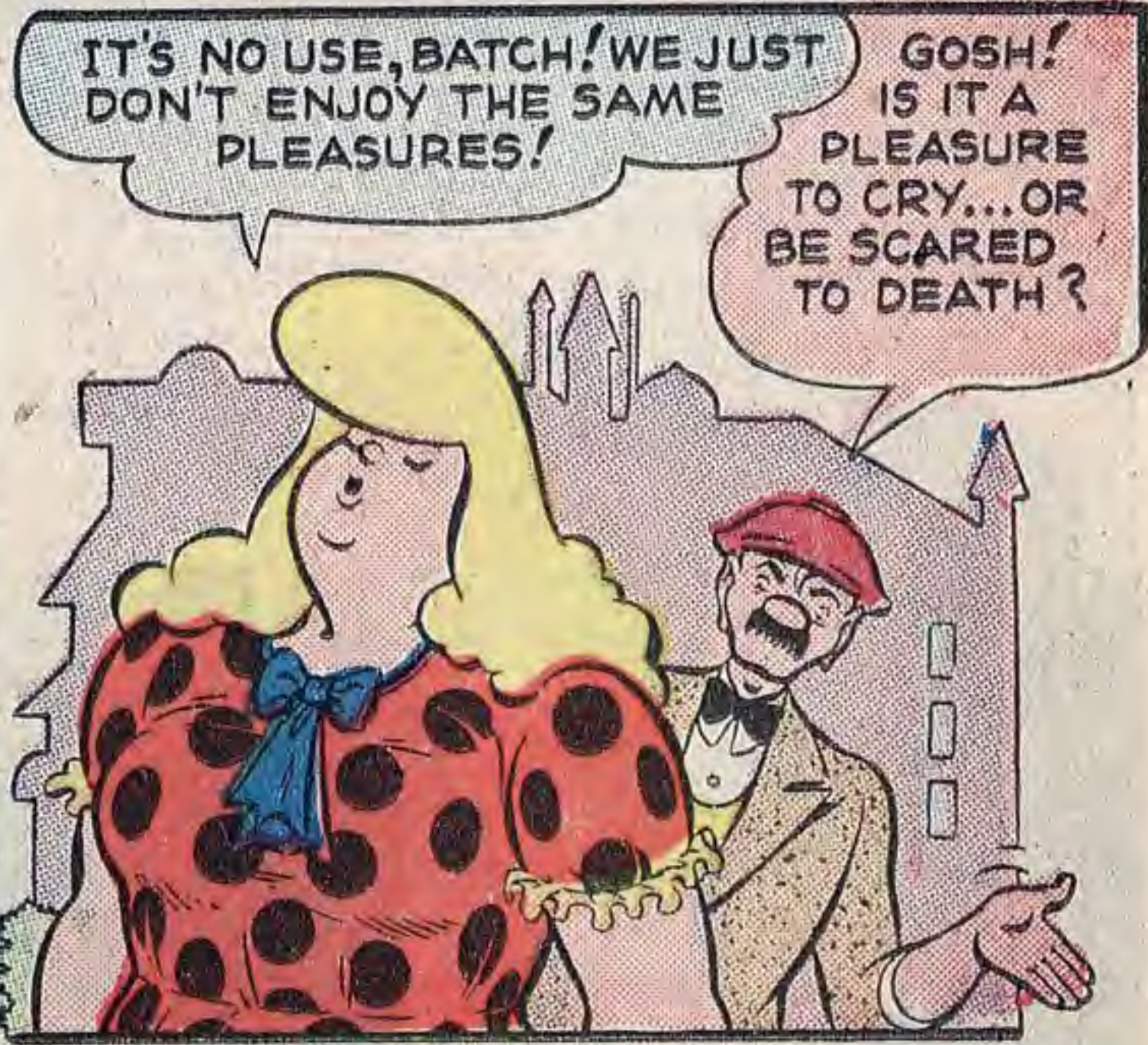
SOB! I LIKE  
MOVIES THAT MAKE  
ME CRY...

"CREEPING  
HORRORS"

...BUT I  
ALSO  
LOVE  
TO BE  
SCARED!  
LET'S SEE  
THIS HORROR  
PICTURE!

HALP!







Batch goes home and...

AHA! HERE IT IS! AFTER THE SHOW FOLDED, THEY GAVE ME THIS OLD HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME COSTUME INSTEAD OF MY SALARY!



WHY WASTE MONEY TAKING BUNNY TO SHOWS JUST SO SHE CAN CRY AND BE SCARED? I CAN SCARE HER MYSELF!



BUNNY IS RIGHT! A COUPLE SHOULD TRY TO ENJOY THE SAME THINGS!

SHE LOVES TO BE SCARED AND I LOVE TO ACT! WE'LL BOTH HAVE FUN!



CHUCKLE! I'LL STRAP THIS PHONY DAGGER TO MY CHEST AND THEN DOUSE MYSELF WITH CATSUP! THIS'LL SCARE HER BUT GOOD!

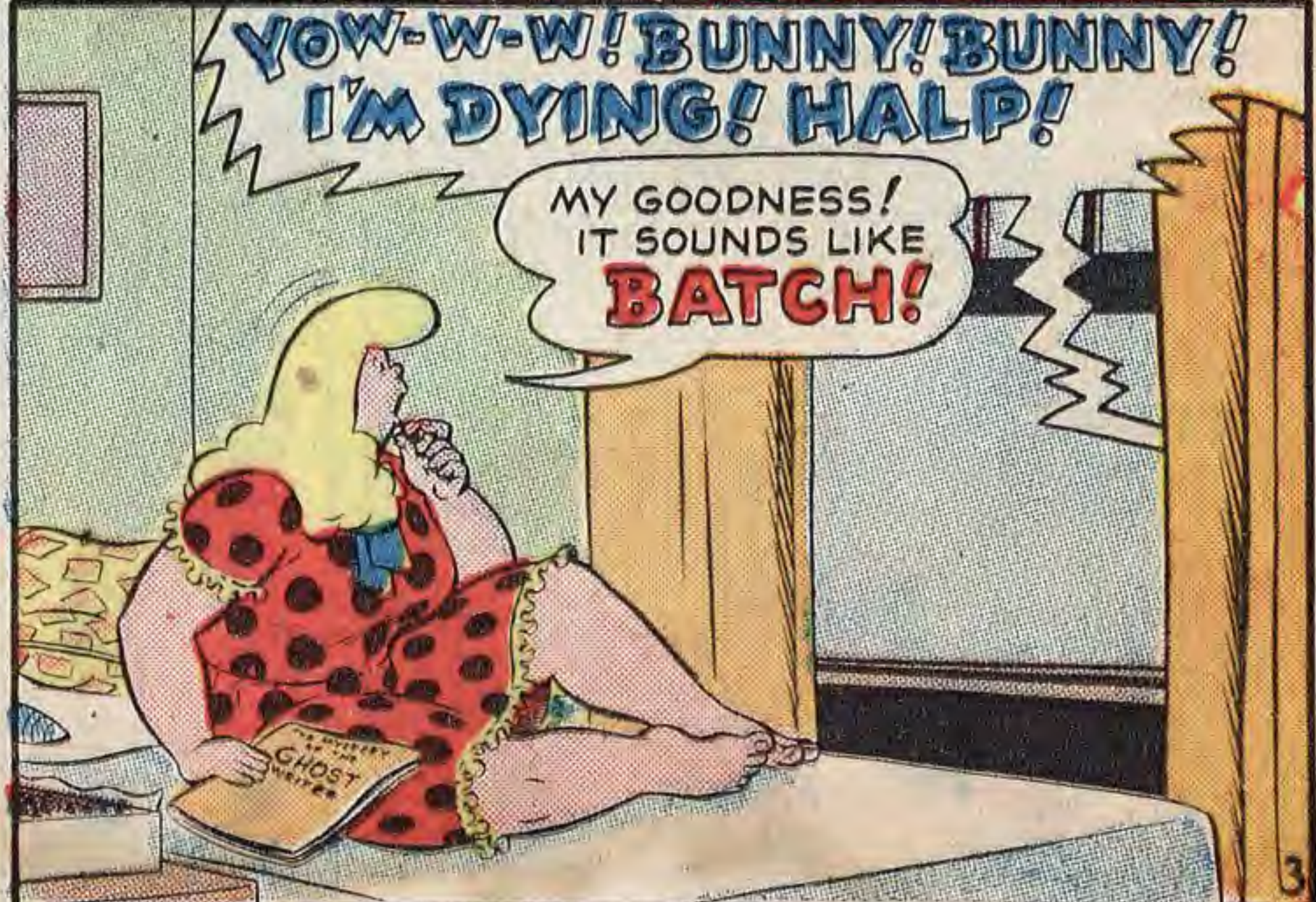


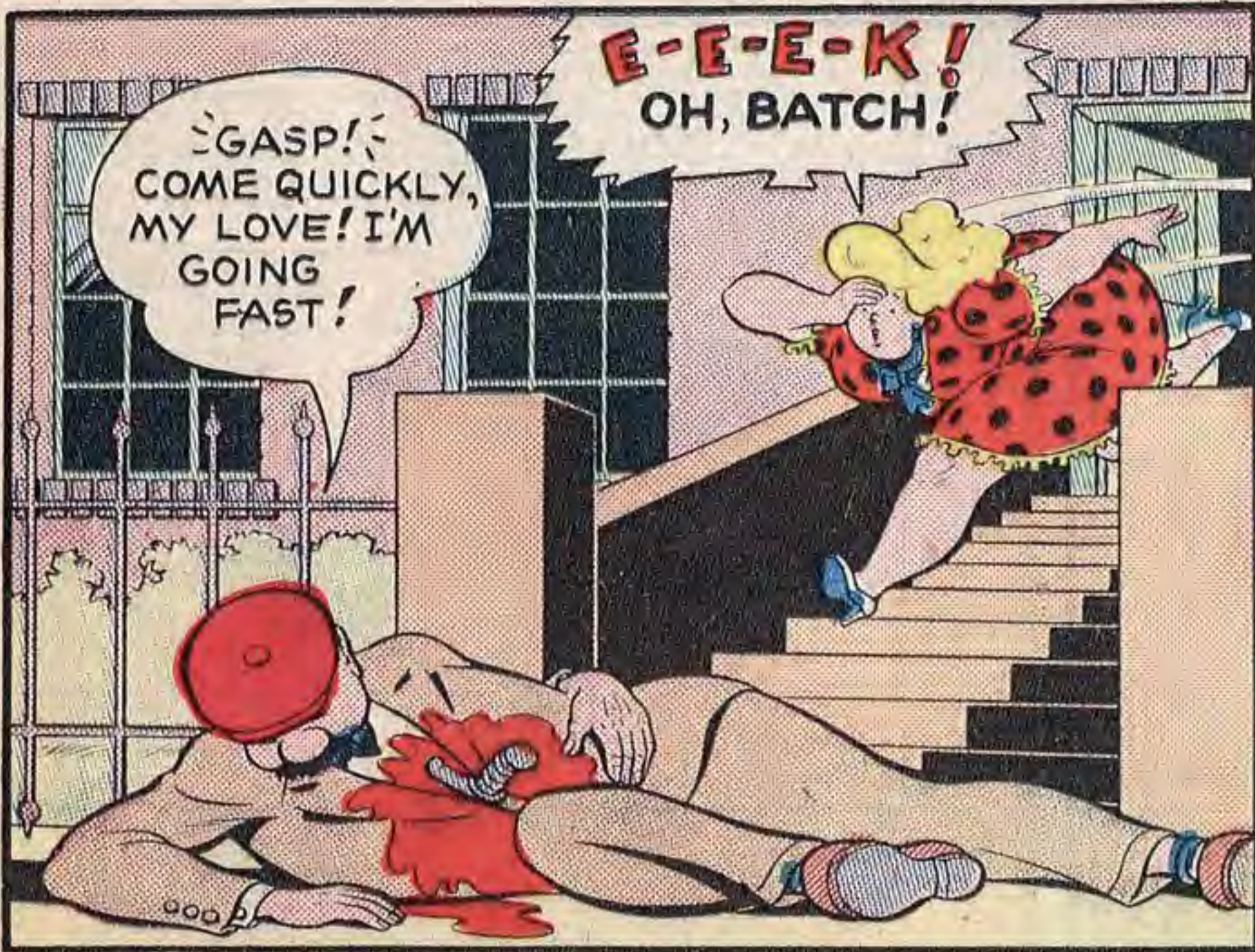
HA! NOW I'LL RUN AROUND IN FRONT OF BUNNY'S PLACE! SHE'LL BE HOME BY NOW!



YOW-W-W! BUNNY! BUNNY! I'M DYING! HALP!

MY GOODNESS! IT SOUNDS LIKE BATCH!





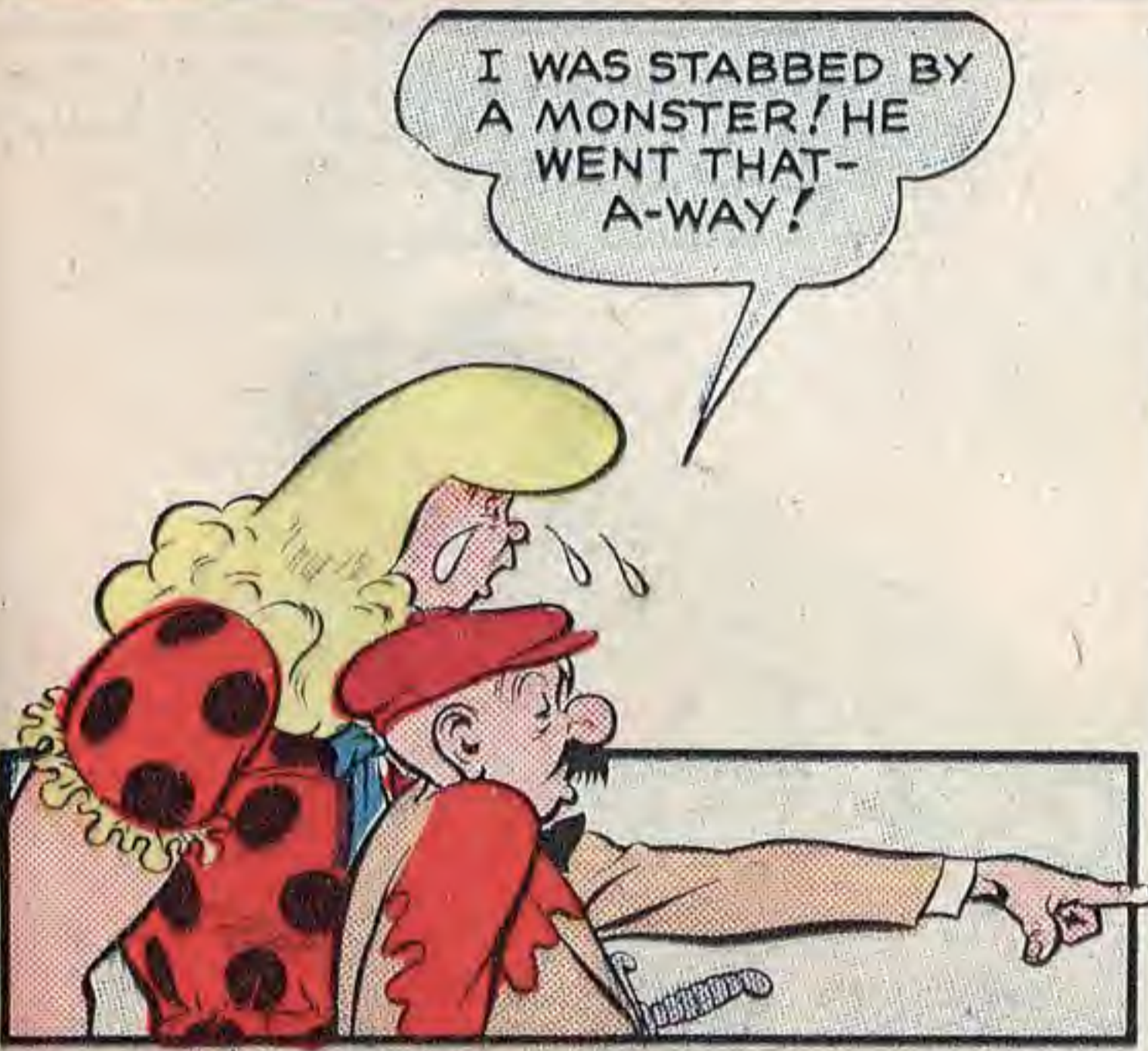
GASP!  
COME QUICKLY,  
MY LOVE! I'M  
GOING  
FAST!

E-E-E-K!  
OH, BATCH!

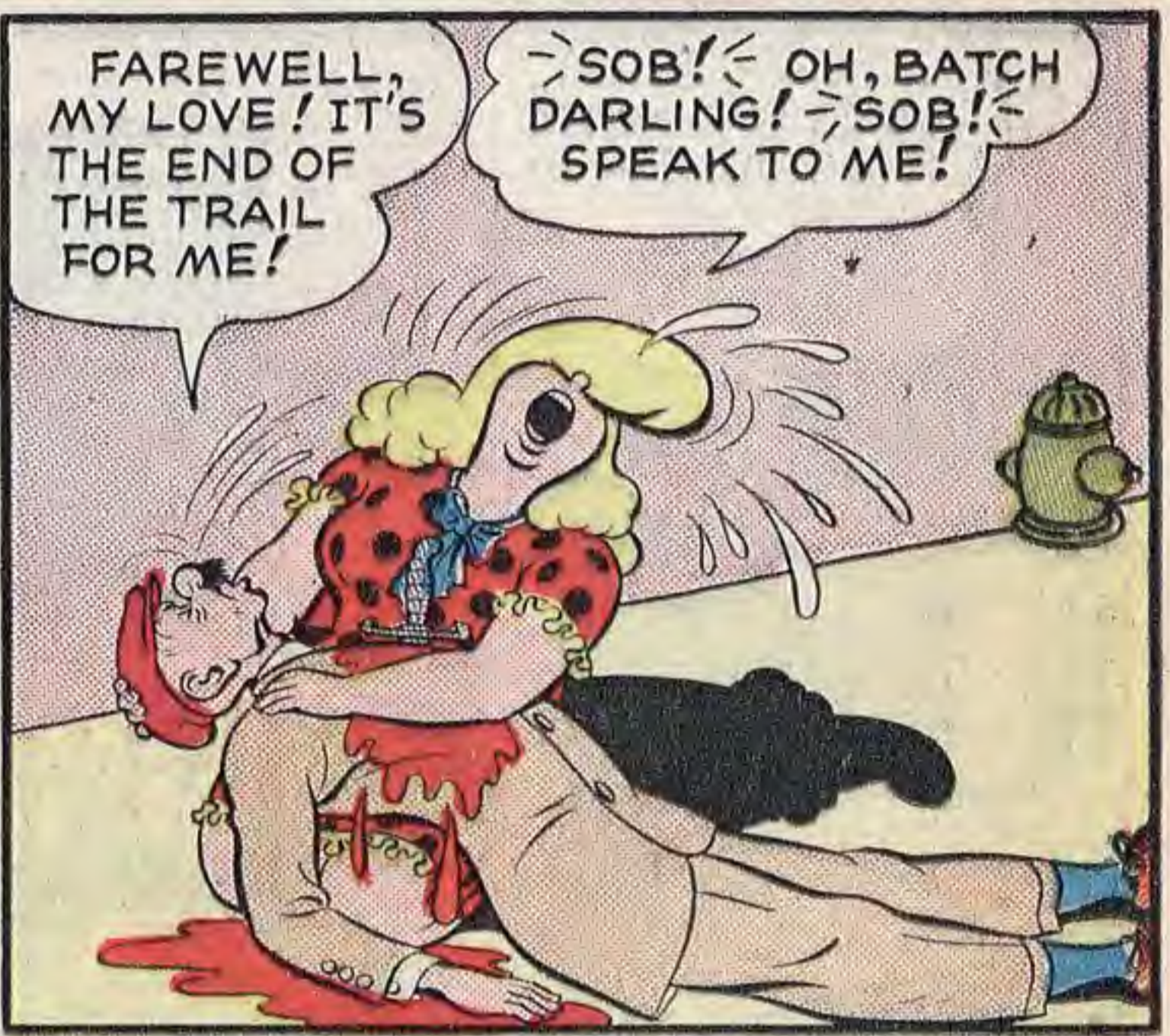


SOB! OH, BATCH! SOB!  
YOU'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE  
BECAUSE OF THAT SILLY QUARREL  
WE HAD!

GASP!  
NO,  
'T WASN'T  
THAT!



I WAS STABBED BY  
A MONSTER! HE  
WENT THAT-  
A-WAY!

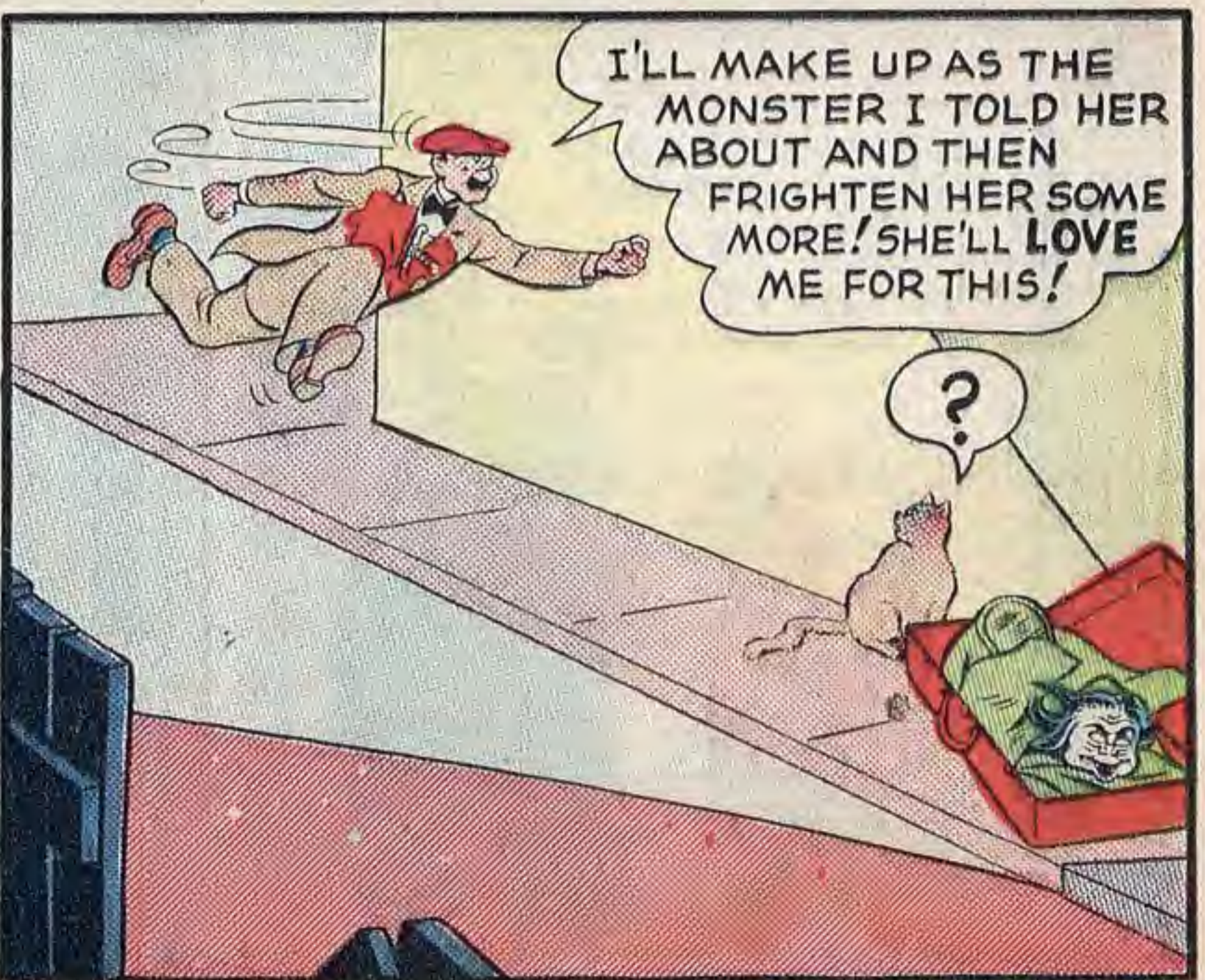


FAREWELL,  
MY LOVE! IT'S  
THE END OF  
THE TRAIL  
FOR ME!

SOB! OH, BATCH  
DARLING! SOB!  
SPEAK TO ME!



GOSH! SHE'S  
FAINTED! I'D  
FEEL LIKE A HEEL IF  
I DIDN'T KNOW SHE  
ENJOYS BEING  
SCARED!



I'LL MAKE UP AS THE  
MONSTER I TOLD HER  
ABOUT AND THEN  
FRIGHTEN HER SOME  
MORE! SHE'LL LOVE  
ME FOR THIS!

?



THIS OLD HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME OUTFIT WILL DO THE TRICK!



CHUCKLE! THIS OUGHT TO GIVE BUNNY PLENTY OF THRILLS AND CHILLS! SHE'LL ADMIRE MY ACTING ABILITY, TOO!



M-M-M! SHE'S GONE BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND LEFT THE DOOR OPEN! GOOD!



I'LL SNEAK IN AND GIVE HER ANOTHER BIG SCARE! THEN I'LL UNMASK AND WE'LL HAVE A GOOD LAUGH!

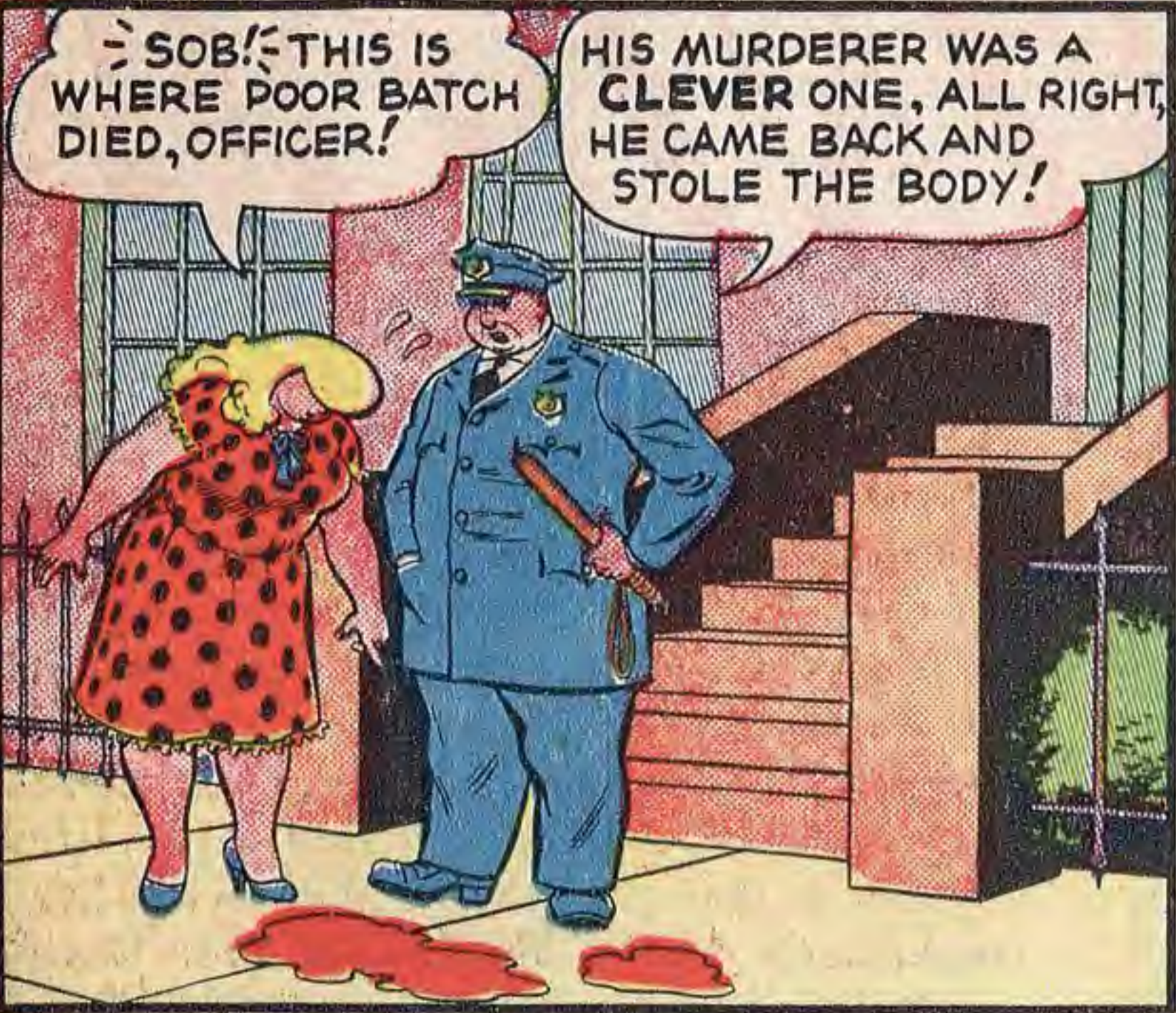


But meanwhile...

SOB! THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER! WHEN I CAME TO, THE BODY WAS GONE!



TURN OUT THE HOMICIDE SQUAD! GENERAL ALARM! MURDERING MANIAC AT LARGE!



SOB! THIS IS WHERE POOR BATCH DIED, OFFICER!

HIS MURDERER WAS A CLEVER ONE, ALL RIGHT, HE CAME BACK AND STOLE THE BODY!

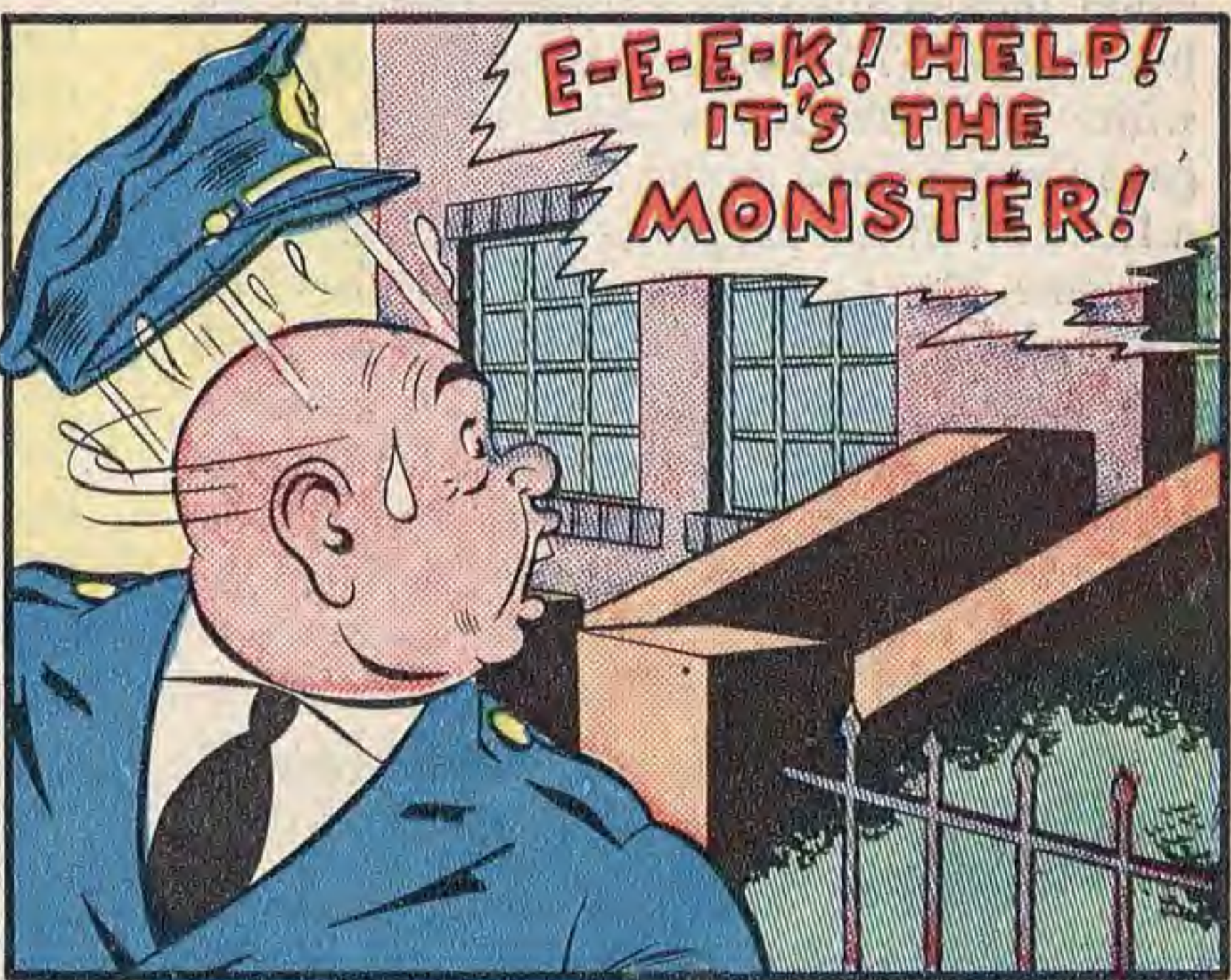


DON'T WORRY, LADY! THE HOMICIDE SQUAD WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

SOB!



AH-H! THERE SHE IS!



E-E-E-K! HELP! IT'S THE MONSTER!



E-E-E-E-K!

CHUCKLE! CHUCKLE!



CRACK!

BAM!



Later... SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE ME IN REAL LIFE WHAT I ENJOY IN THE MOVIES!

WELL, I ALWAYS ENJOY SEEING THE VILLAIN END UP IN JAIL! S'LONG, MONSTER!

BUNNY, COME BACK!

# The Open WINDOW

**DAVE CLARK** stood in the audition studio for a moment, watching the rain splatter against the window panes. The heaviest rain of the season . . . there must be eight inches of water soaking into the ground by now. He had expected by this time to be packing his bags for a long, restful week end. Instead, at this late hour, he was still in the studio; and, to make matters as bad as possible, stuck with an audition!

The group of people in the reception room looked up with varying reactions as he entered. The little man with wisps of white hair growing around a pink scalp gave Dave a timid smile. He reminded Dave a little bit of his pal Doc—but only a little, for this Mr. G. Rogers Bulfinch, was, in spite of his timidity, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in town. That is why Dave Clark, top announcer at the radio station, had been required by his boss to stay on hand and manage this audition in person, at a late hour when the station was off the air for the night.

“S-sorry to keep you so late, Mr. Clark,” the little guy stuttered, as if he could read Dave’s thoughts.

“Humph! It’s his job, isn’t it?”

Dave didn’t have to look to know who made that remark. The big, dominating woman wrapped in expensive furs was obviously the cause of Mr. Bulfinch’s timidity. Any man incautious enough to marry her would certainly do what she said, just because she could make life so miserable for him if he did not. And poor Mr. Bulfinch, with all his millions, had made that mistake. Mrs. Bulfinch glared around the room through her lorgnette, and Dave hid a grin as he saw Sniffer Scoop scurry into a corner as if her glance were sharp enough to hurt him. Well, maybe it was.

The third member of the Bulfinch family present in the room was the cause of the

audition. A slender edition of her mother and dressed even more expensively, Letitia Bulfinch was as good-looking as money could make her with what it had to work on. And the results, Dave thought to himself, wouldn’t have been too bad, were it not for the permanent expression of scorn stamped on Letitia’s features. Even more than her mother, Letitia could make life unpleasant for everybody. And with her stepfather’s money behind her (for Dave remembered hearing that she was Mrs. Bulfinch’s daughter by an earlier marriage) there was little chance for anyone to give her his frank opinion. Poor Mr. Bulfinch!

“Well?” Miss Bulfinch demanded, looking Dave up and down angrily. Dave knew what she meant. He was supposed to break into loud praises of Miss Bulfinch. Instead, the rasping sound of her voice made him shudder, recalling the past fifteen minutes during which she had orated into a microphone while Dave listened helplessly.

When Dave’s boss had explained about the audition to Dave, he had shrugged his shoulders helplessly “Old Bulfinch owns a lot of stock in the station, and now this stepdaughter of his has decided she wants a career in radio. We’ll have to work something out.”

“I am required to make my report first to Mr. Prentiss,” Dave said smoothly. “Red tape, you know. Then he’ll talk with you, Miss Bulfinch. Now, if you’ll excuse me for a few moments. . . .”

Thankfully Dave hurried through the door, feeling the glares of Mother and daughter which followed him. Sniffer Snoop hurried out after Dave and stood in the hall mopping his forehead. “Whew!” he gasped. “Say, why didn’t you tell me what I was getting into when you told me to wait for you in there?”

Dave, now that he was out of the sacred

Bulfinch presence, allowed himself to laugh out loud. The only thing that had made the gathering bearable was the fun of watching the women's outraged glances as they stared at the odd figure of Dave's volunteer assistant. For this particular job, Detective Sniffer Snoop.

"Wait here," he said. "I'll only be a few minutes and then we'll . . ."

His voice was broken off by the sound of a scream—an awful, blood-curdling shriek from the reception room he had just left.

Dave raced back and threw open the door, Sniffer at his elbow. Everything registered in his brain with his first glance into the room: The tall French window open to the storm . . . the two women standing whitefaced, one on each side of the opening . . . and no one else there at all. Little Mr. Bulfinch was gone!

"Mr. Bulfinch . . . ?" Dave said inquiringly, though he knew the answer.

The daughter pointed at the black space outside the window, and opened her mouth for a scream. The mother collapsed into a low chair, covering her face with her hands.

"He fell?" Dave demanded.

"I . . . I think he jumped!" Miss Bulfinch gasped. "After he opened the window he stood looking out for a minute . . . and then he said 'Good-bye,' and disappeared!"

"Yes," Mrs. Bulfinch sobbed from between her hands, "he jumped! Oh, my poor G. Rogers!"

Dave studied the situation intently. Then he turned to Sniffer and said something in a low, hasty voice. Sniffer rushed away. As Dave watched the women, he felt like snorting. He was willing to bet that little Mr. Bulfinch never jumped out of that window. He had been pushed, by one or both of these women who stood to inherit his large fortune. But was there any way to prove it?

"I am sorry to distress you," Dave said, "but we'll have to call the police, and it's best to get things straight before they arrive. Would you mind taking the same posi-

tions where you were standing when Mr. Bulfinch . . . fell?" He watched as both women moved hastily across the room, to a point as far away from the open window as they could get.

There was an instant of silence, and into it came a slight, scratching sound from outside the window. Dave watched as both women stiffened. Then, a wet, bedraggled figure appeared in the opening.

"G. Rogers!" the women shrieked. "It's his ghost!" Almost babbling with fear, they watched as the figure climbed into the room. It was no surprise to Dave. Recalling that a canopy projected over the terrace not far below the window, he had felt sure that Mr. Bulfinch would not be badly injured by his fall. And he had sent Sniffer down to find him and to send him back up, by ladder, to confront the women with a sudden, dramatic return. It had certainly been effective.

Instead of speaking, G. Roger Bulfinch stood and stared at his family. He had straightened up, and seemed to have grown several inches in height. Both women rushed toward him caressingly.

"It was so awful!" they babbled. "We were heartbroken! It made us realize how much you meant to us . . . from now on we'll do anything you say, always!"

"You will, huh?" Mr. Bulfinch stared at them grimly. "You'd better! To start with, we'll forget this radio nonsense and go home at once."

"Oh, yes indeed!" Miss Bulfinch agreed. "Whatever you say!"

Dave grinned to himself. No need to wonder which one was guilty. By attempted murder, they had delivered themselves into Mr. Bulfinch's hands. He wouldn't call the police . . . at least as long they behaved themselves. With such a weapon, Mr. Bulfinch would be a henpecked husband no longer.

"Thanks, young man," Mr. Bulfinch said, winking broadly at Dave. Then he strode away down the hall while the two women fluttered subserviently after him. Dave and Sniffer, watching them disappear, turned to give each other a solemn handshake.

THESE APPLES ARE AS HARD AS CANNONBALLS!

THEN LET'S SHOOT THE WORKS, CHUCK!

When Stoolie Pete is kidnapped after he offers to turn state's evidence, it seems that an innocent man will go to the chair, until Chuck Lane dons *The JESTER'S* gear, rescues Pete, and brings the guilty men to justice!



# The JESTER



I'M GLAD YOU'LL TESTIFY FOR US, PETE! YOU'LL SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE!

YEP, CHESTER IS INNOCENT! WHY SHOULD HE FRY?



TELL ME, PETE... WHY DO YOU ALWAYS CARRY A ROLL OF TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS WITH YOU?

SO I CAN USE THEM IN CASE I HAVE TO BAIL MYSELF OUT! HA! HA!



HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING! D'YA KNOW WHO I AM?



WHA...!

WHEW! SOMEBODY ELSE IS SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS!

LOOKS LIKE A CONSPIRACY.. IF YOU ASK ME!



HELP! HELP!



HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

STEP ON IT, JOE!



YOU MISSED HIM, AND YOU INTERFERED WITH MY SHOT! YOU'RE HOPELESS!

SORRY, SERGEANT! BUT YOU SURE CALLED YOUR SHOT WHEN YOU SAID CONSPIRACY!



BLOW YOUR WHISTLE, LANE! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM IN A CAB!



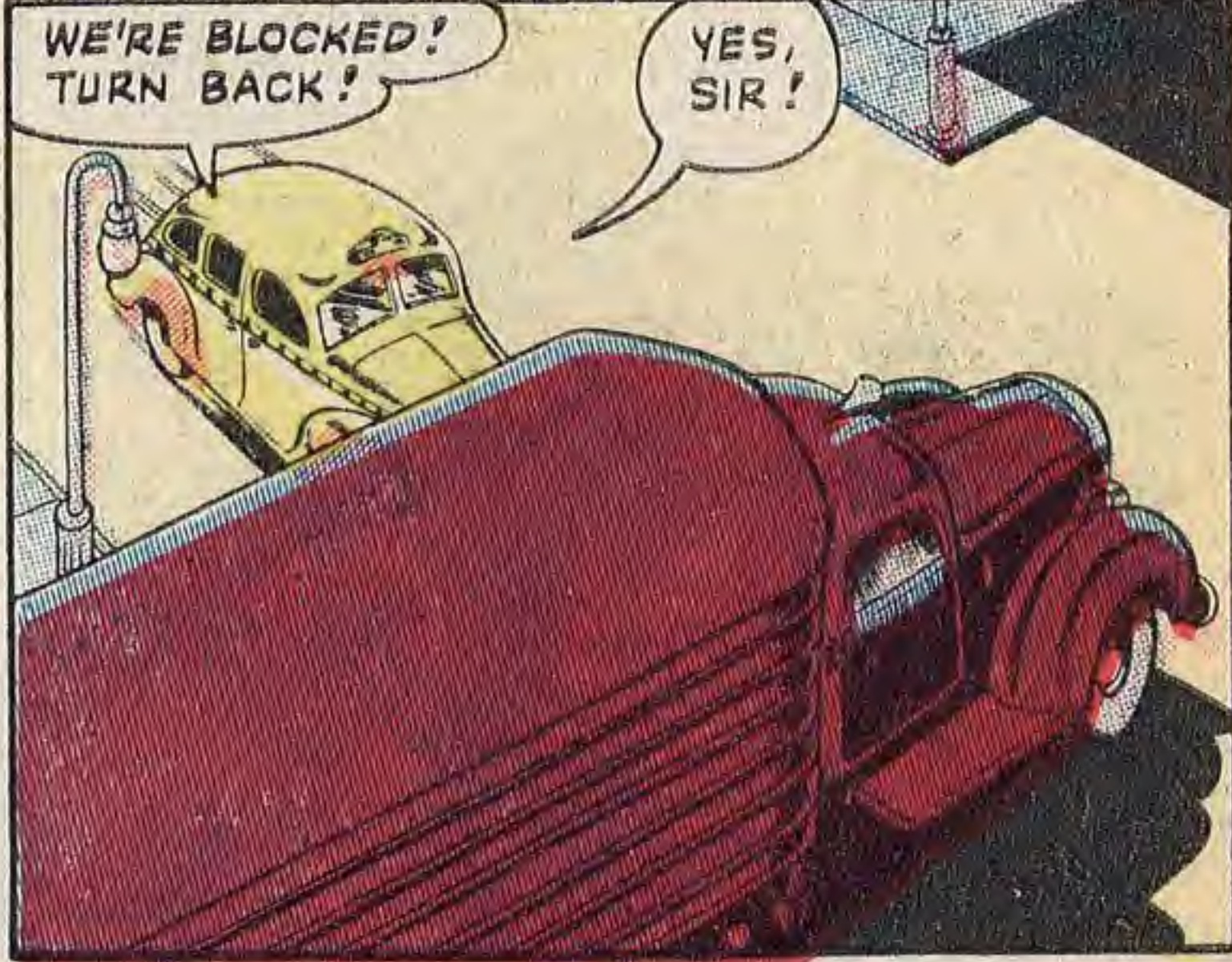
FOLLOW THAT CAR! AND DON'T STOP FOR RED LIGHTS!



But midway up the street ...

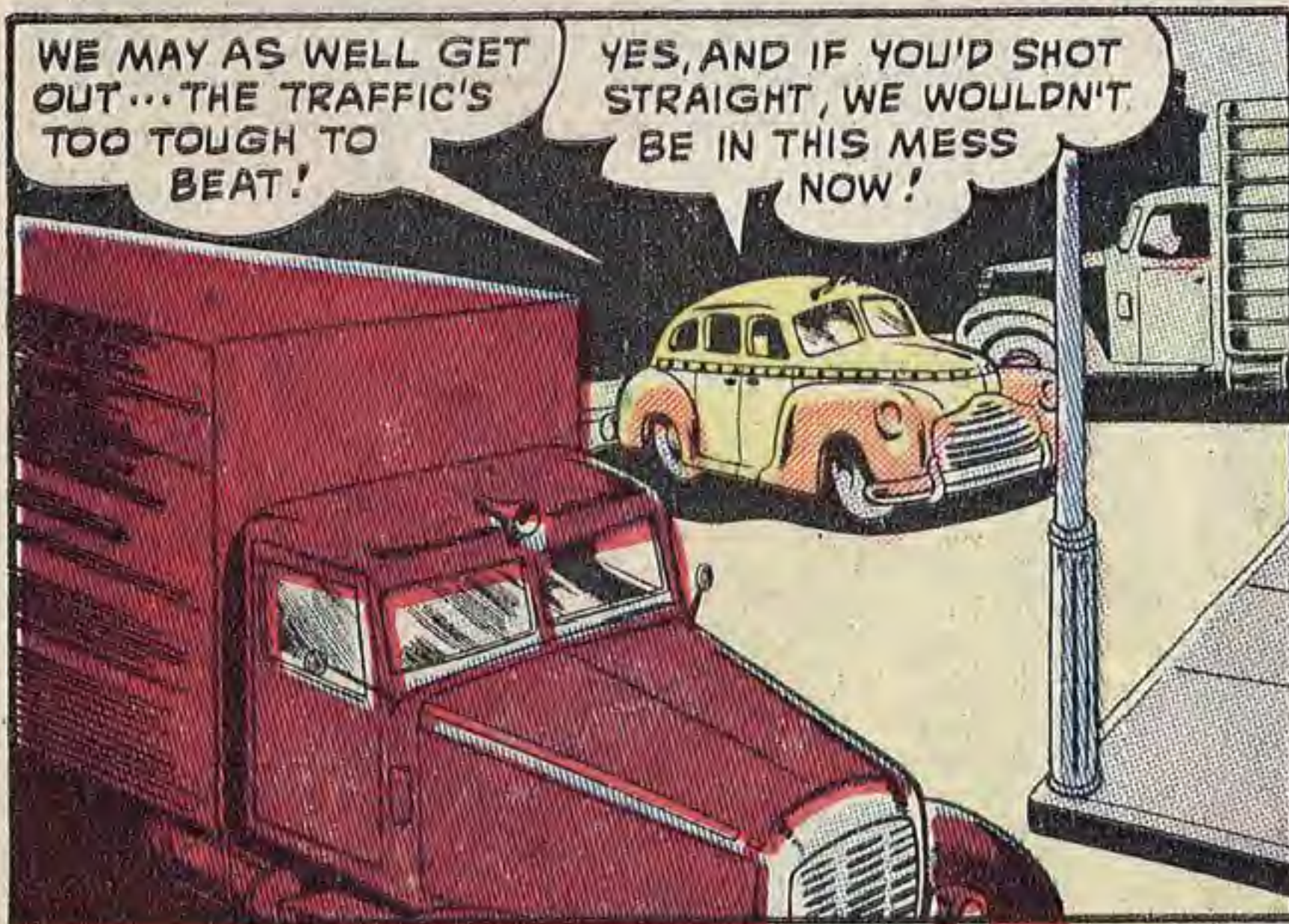


LET'S GO, BO!



WE'RE BLOCKED! TURN BACK!

YES, SIR!



WE MAY AS WELL GET OUT... THE TRAFFIC'S TOO TOUGH TO BEAT!

YES, AND IF YOU'D SHOT STRAIGHT, WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS NOW!



IF PETE ISN'T FOUND, AN INNOCENT MAN WILL TAKE THE RAP FOR THE MURDER!

IF WE DON'T FIND PETE, BOTH OF US WILL TAKE A RAP! I WONDER WHAT THE COMMISSIONER WILL SAY TO THIS!



YOU BRING THAT WITNESS BACK BY TWO P.M. TOMORROW, OR HAND IN YOUR BADGE! YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES, COMMISSIONER!



OFFICER LANE, I WARN YOU! IF YOU DON'T PICK PETE UP BY TWO P.M. TOMORROW, I'LL BE WALKING THE BEAT! I MEAN YOU'LL BE... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! NOW GET GOING!

YES, SERGEANT!



Unobserved, Chuck Lane puts on the JESTER'S uniform...

CHESTER IS INNOCENT, BUT HE WILL BE CONDEMNED TO DIE UNLESS PETE IS FOUND! I MUST FIND HIM!

Meanwhile...

LISTEN, MACINTOSH... YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T SQUEAL! YOU CAN TRUST...

A SHOT! NO, A BLOWOUT! WE'LL HAVE TO PHONE FOR ANOTHER CAR!

**BANG!**

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU GUYS WANT ME TO CALL A COP?

I'M JUST AN OLD APPLE-KNOCKER MYSELF! HERE'S A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

PHONE

BROKEN DISH RESTAURANT

BROKE STAL

GET SOME MACINTOSH APPLES WITH THIS MONEY! I GO FOR THEM! DON'T I, MAC?

HMM... COME TO THINK OF IT, SO DO I!

MONEY

WHAT GOES ON, MISTER? ARE YOU CRAZY?

NO, THEY CALL ME THE CHINA CLIPPER, BUB! HERE'S TWENTY DOLLARS TO BUY A NEW SET OF PLATES!

COME ON, PETE, STOP CLOWNING! THE CAR WILL BE ON THE CORNER IN TWO MINUTES!

HERE'S SOME GREEN SUGAR! YOU'LL LIKE IT BETTER THAN THE WHITE!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? A CYCLONE?

I CAN'T COMPLAIN! A GUY TIPPED MY STAND OVER, AND THEN TIPPED ME TWENTY DOLLARS... AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT HE DID IN THE RESTAURANT!

McGINTY? THE JESTER CALLING! MEET ME AT THE BROKEN DISH! AN APPLE TURNOVER AND SOME BROKEN DISHES MAY BREAK THE CASE!

I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT CLUES I'M WORKING ON, BUT I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

SMASH COMICS



HELLO, JESTER! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

SIT DOWN, MCGINTY! I'VE ORDERED COFFEE FOR YOU!



WHAT IS THIS, A GAG? SALT IN THE SUGAR?

EVERYTHING IS TOPSY-TURVY! THE LITTLE GUY WRECKED MY PLACE AND PAID ME IN TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS! SAID THEY CALLED HIM THE CHINA CLIPPER!



CHINA CLIPPER, EH? LET'S SEE IF THAT FRUIT MAN KNOWS ANY MORE, MCGINTY!

HMM... I'LL BET YOU TURN UP A LEMON, AS USUAL!



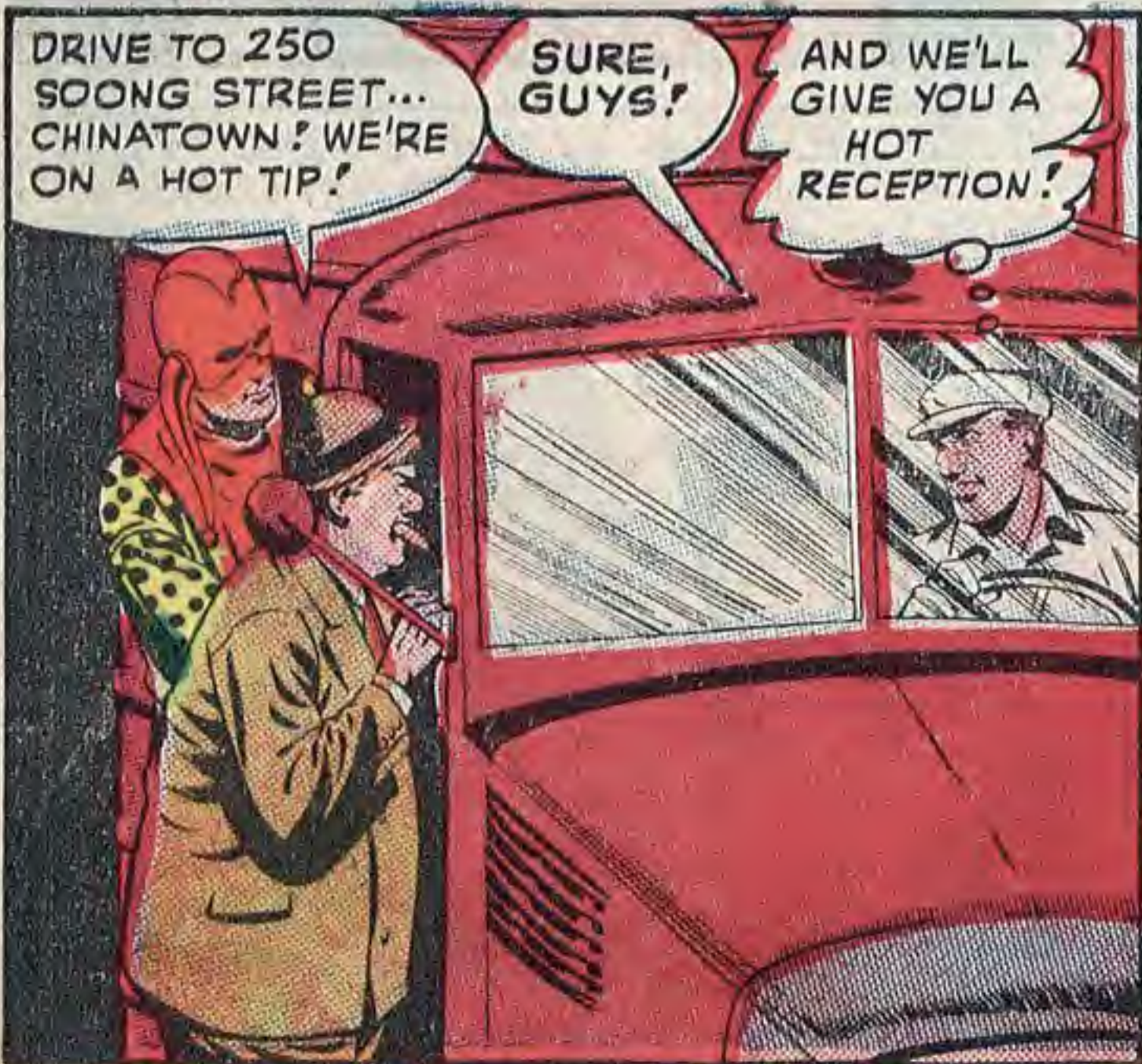
DIDN'T HE SAY ANYTHING ELSE? THINK! AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!

NO... WAIT! HE TOLD ME TO BUY SOME MACINTOSH APPLES... SAID HE COULD GO FOR THEM!



MACINTOSH KIDNAPPED PETE... MACINTOSH APPLES, GET IT? AND CHINA CLIPPER... MACINTOSH HAS A HIDEOUT IN CHINATOWN!

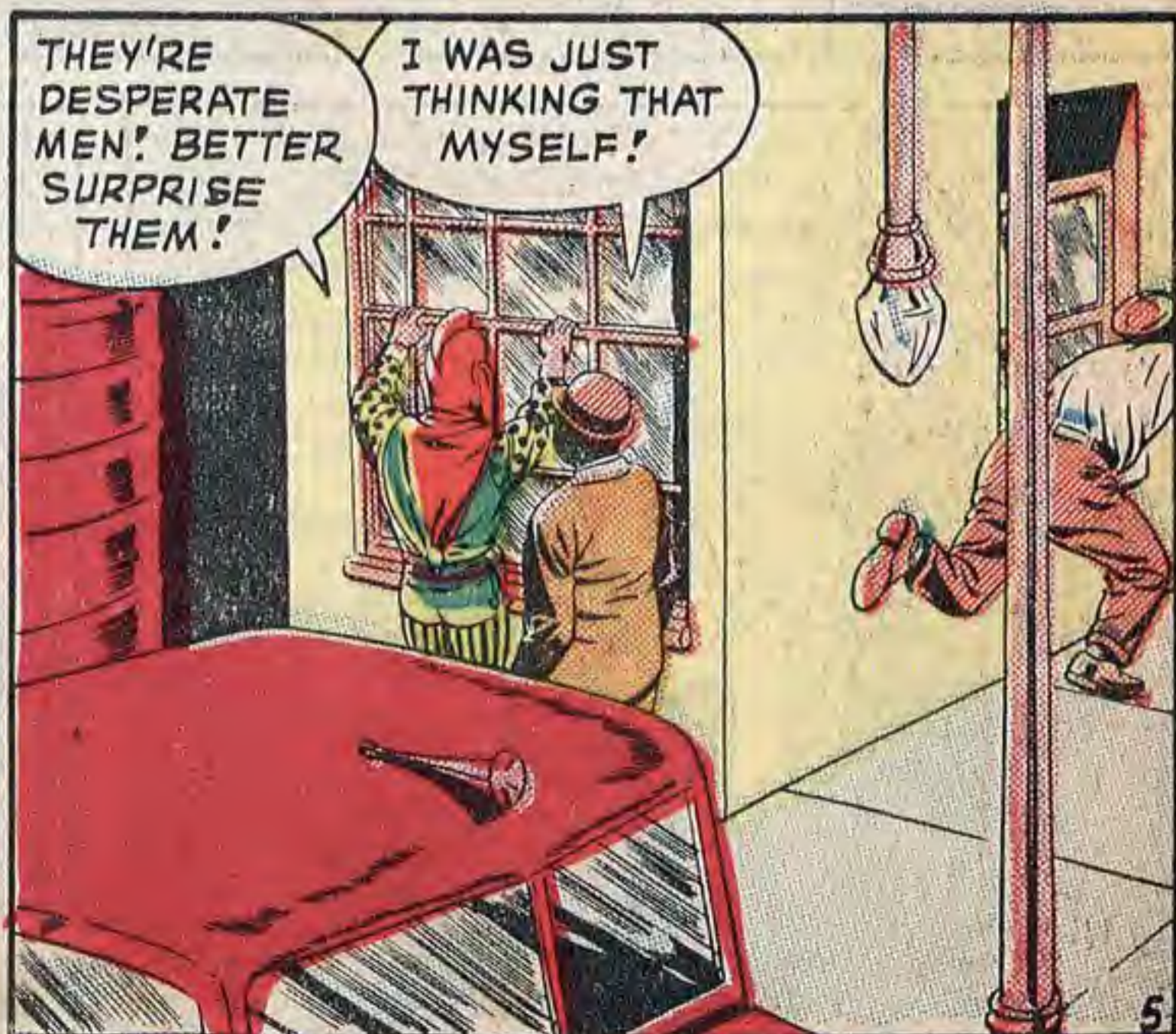
SURE! I KNEW IT ALL ALONG!



DRIVE TO 250 SOONG STREET... CHINATOWN! WE'RE ON A HOT TIP!

SURE, GUYS!

AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A HOT RECEPTION!



THEY'RE DESPERATE MEN! BETTER SURPRISE THEM!

I WAS JUST THINKING THAT MYSELF!

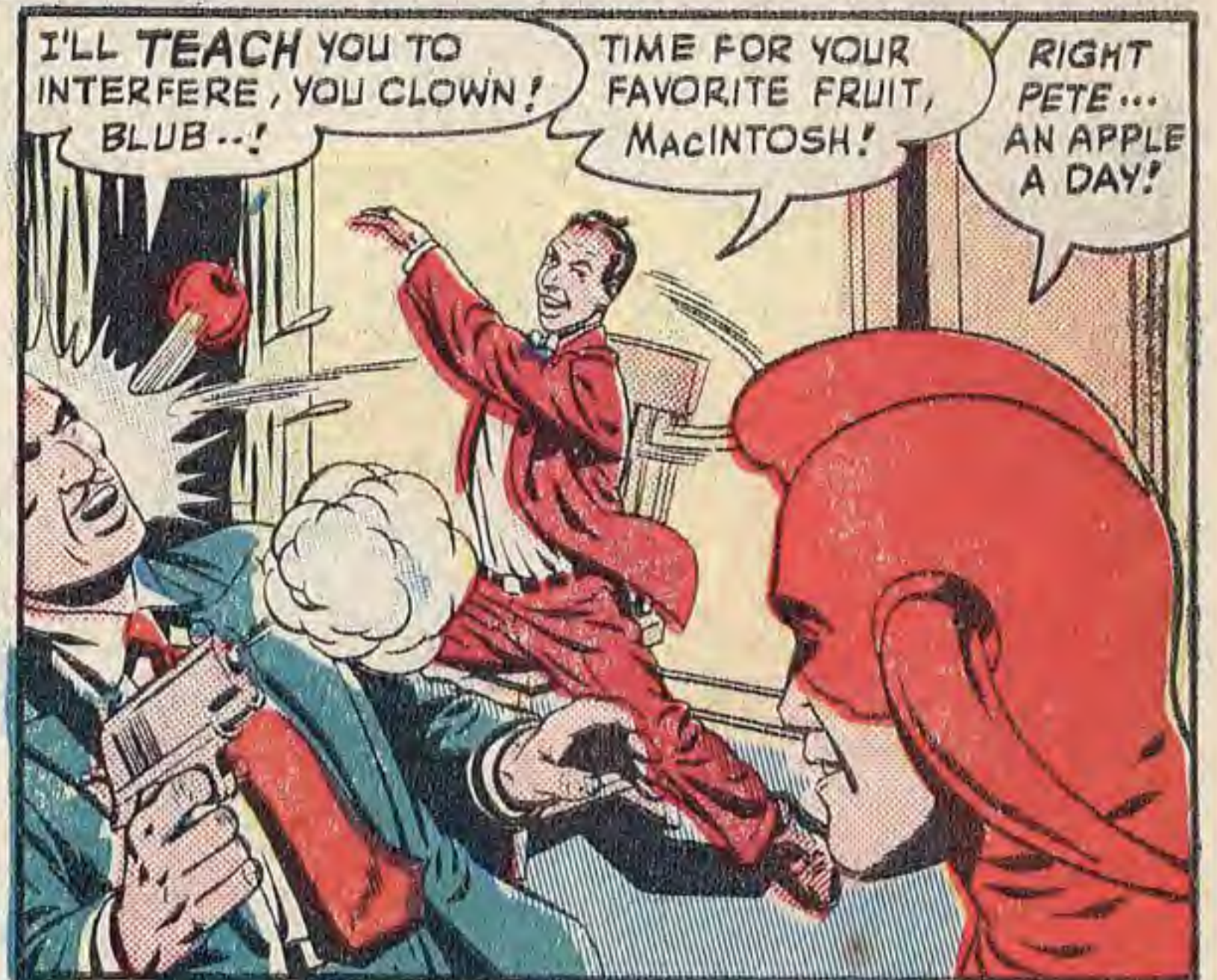
SMASH COMICS



I SAY NO! DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL! IT MEANS A MURDER RAP!

I'LL WIPE HIM OUT, THAT STOOL PIGEON!

QUINOPOLIS SAYS NO, TOO!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE, YOU CLOWN! BLUB...!

TIME FOR YOUR FAVORITE FRUIT, MACINTOSH!

RIGHT PETE... AN APPLE A DAY!



YOU DROVE US RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY, EH! WELL, HERE'S A NEW TURN!

ONE AT A TIME, BLUBBERHEAD!

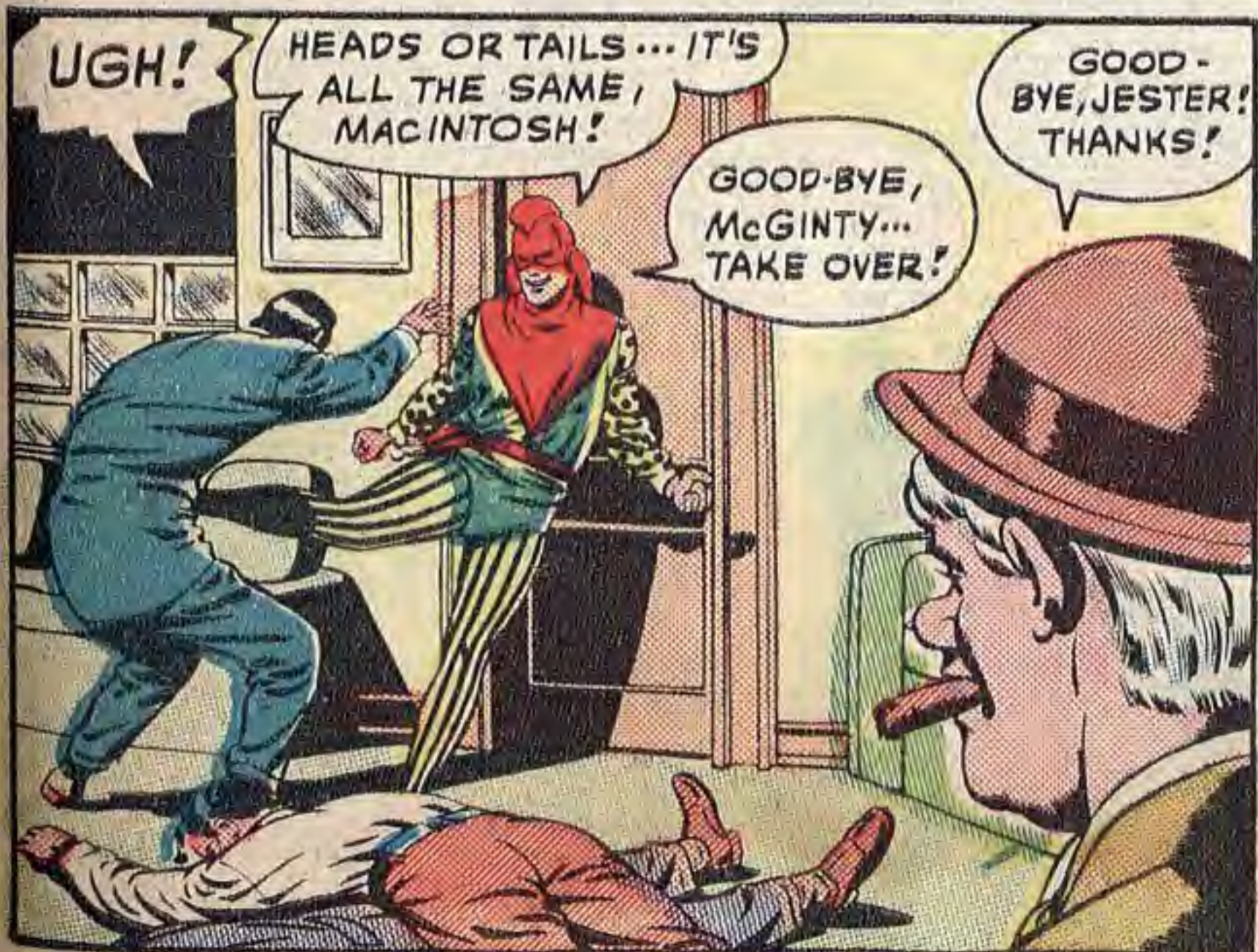


THAT WILL HOLD YOU, YOU FLATFOOT!



I MUST GET AWAY FROM THAT JESTER! HE'S POISON!

WAIT, BOZO... YOU'RE STILL MY DISH!



UGH!

HEADS OR TAILS... IT'S ALL THE SAME, MACINTOSH!

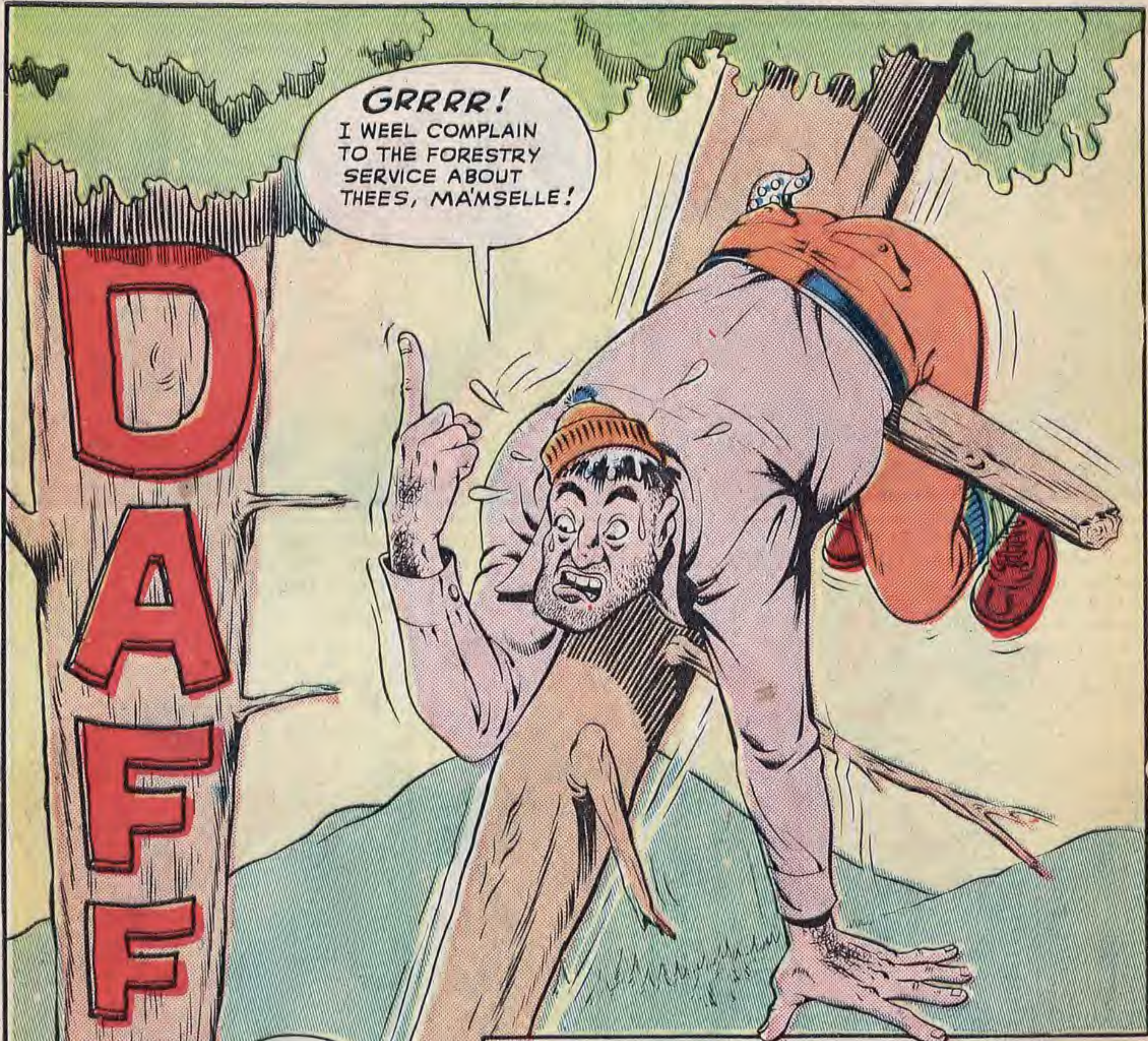
GOOD-BYE, MCGINTY... TAKE OVER!

GOOD-BYE, JESTER! THANKS!



I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T FIND ME! OR DID THAT JESTER TRACE ME THROUGH THE TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS?

OH, I DID THE REAL BRAIN WORK! THE JESTER, MY ASSISTANT, JUST HELPED A LITTLE!



**GRRRR!**  
 I WEEL COMPLAIN  
 TO THE FORESTRY  
 SERVICE ABOUT  
 THEES, MAMSELLE!

**DAFFY**

THE  
 FORESTS  
 ARE FULL  
 OF DEAD-  
 WOOD LIKE  
 YOU, M'SIEU!



OH DEKE,  
 LOOK! A  
 MOUNTIE!

NATCH!  
 CANADA'S  
 FULL OF  
 THEM!



I'VE GOT TO  
 GET A CLOSER  
 LOOK AT HIM!

AW DAFFY, WE'VE  
 GOT A LONG WAY  
 TO GO BEFORE  
 WE REACH THE  
 LOGGING CAMP WHERE  
 YOU'RE GOING TO  
 WRESTLE! LET'S GET  
 INTO THE CAR AND START  
 ROLLING!



GOODNESS! HE LOOKS SO EVIL!

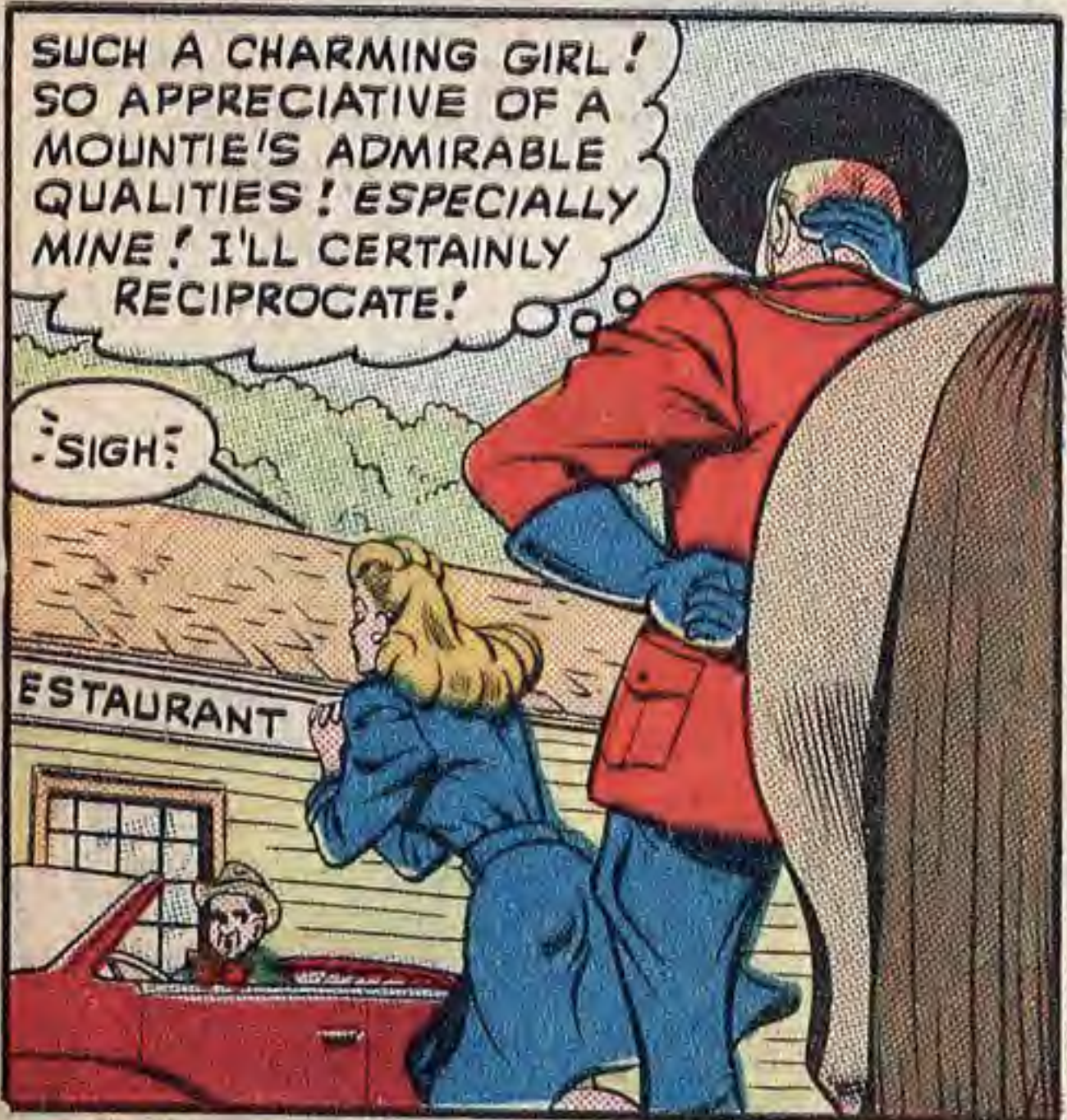
WANTED

PIERRE LAMORGE  
FOR MURDER,  
ROBBERY, ARS  
FORGERY



EVIL? YES, RATHER! BUT I'LL GET HIM! A MOUNTIE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE MOUNTIES WERE SO WONDERFUL!



SUCH A CHARMING GIRL! SO APPRECIATIVE OF A MOUNTIE'S ADMIRABLE QUALITIES! ESPECIALLY MINE! I'LL CERTAINLY RECIPROCATE!

SIGH!



WHAT A ROMANTIC-LOOKING FIGURE HE WAS!

NUTS! IT'S THE RED UNIFORM THAT GETS YOU! HE'S JUST A COP!



OH! HE'S FOLLOWING US!

HUH?



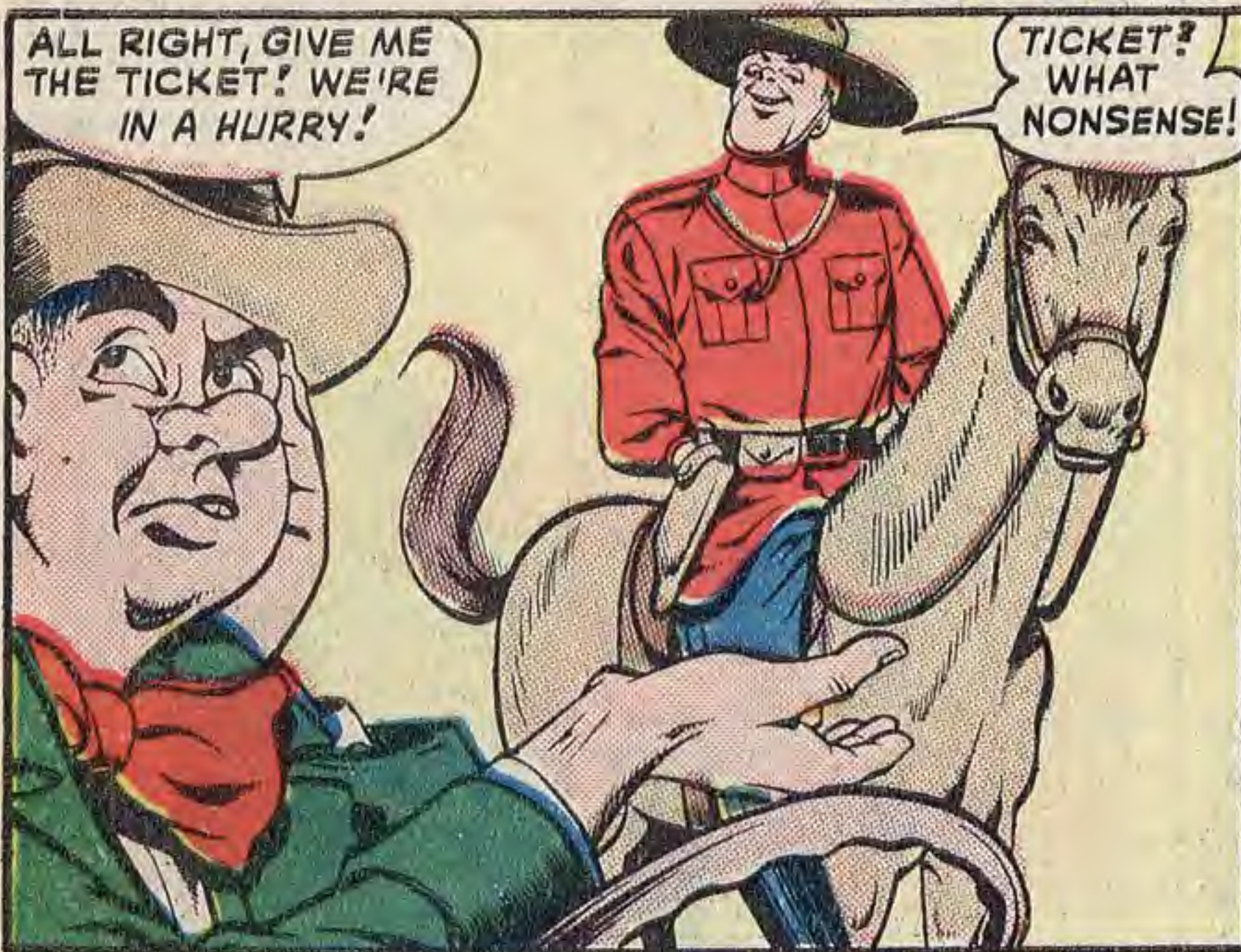
SEE THAT? I TOLD YOU HE'S JUST A COP! HE PROBABLY WANTS TO GIVE ME A SPEEDING TICKET! WELL, HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME ON HORSEBACK!

NO, DEKE! YOU MUSTN'T TRY TO GET AWAY!



WE DON'T WANT TO BREAK THE LAW! BESIDES, RUNNING AWAY WOULD BE USELESS! A MOUNTIE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!

I'M STOPPING AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT!



ALL RIGHT, GIVE ME THE TICKET! WE'RE IN A HURRY!

TICKET? WHAT NONSENSE!

I MERELY WANTED TO PRESENT A LITTLE TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM TO THE FAIR LADY!

OH, HOW LOVELY!



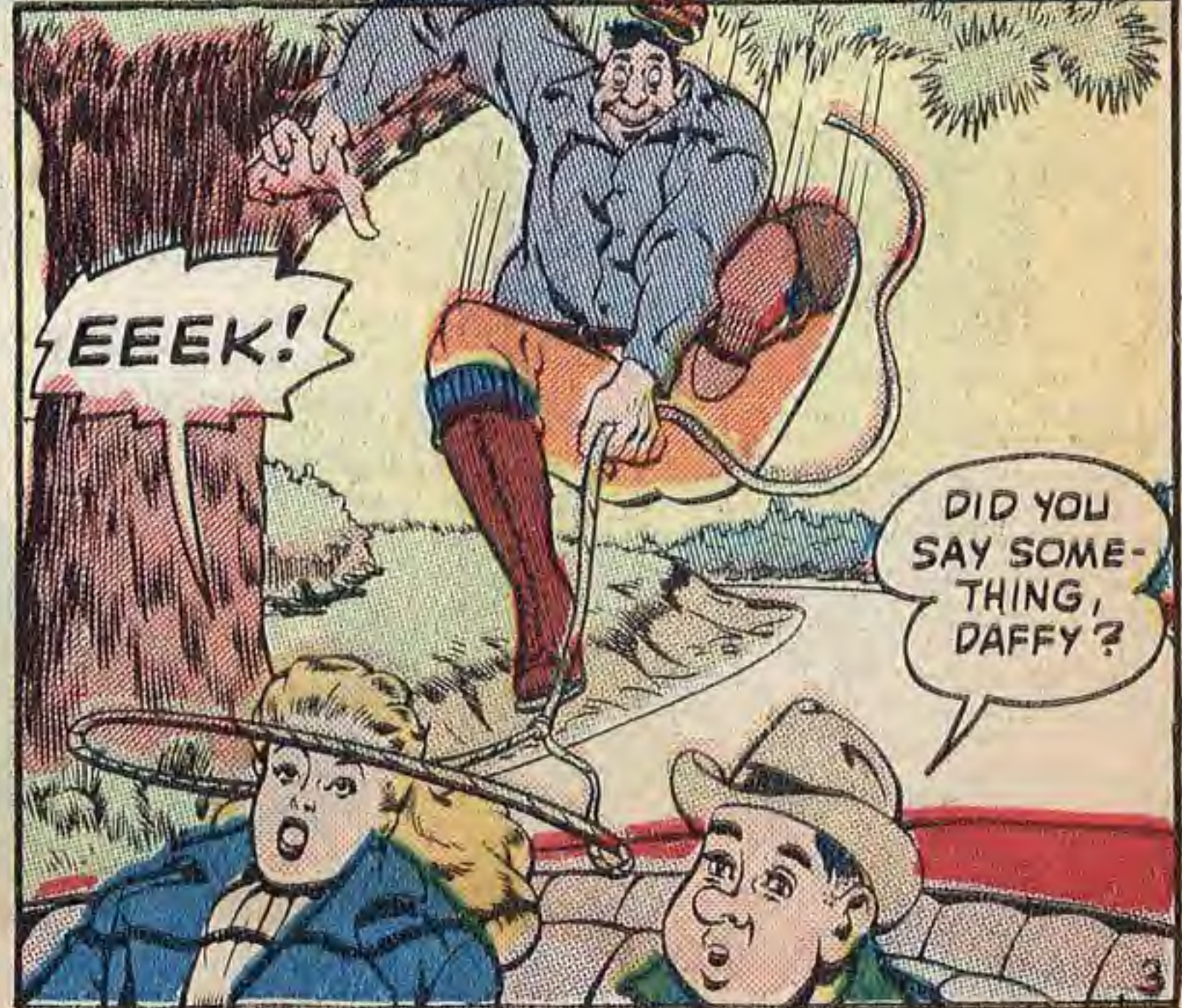
HE'S SO GALLANT, SO THOUGHTFUL, SO CHIVALROUS!

SO WHAT! BAH!

In a tree down the road ... BY GAR, PIERRE LAMORGUE SEE NO CURSED MOUNTIES TO KEEL, NO WOMAN TO KEEP HOUSE AND COOK, NO NUZZING! EES WAN DULL DAY!

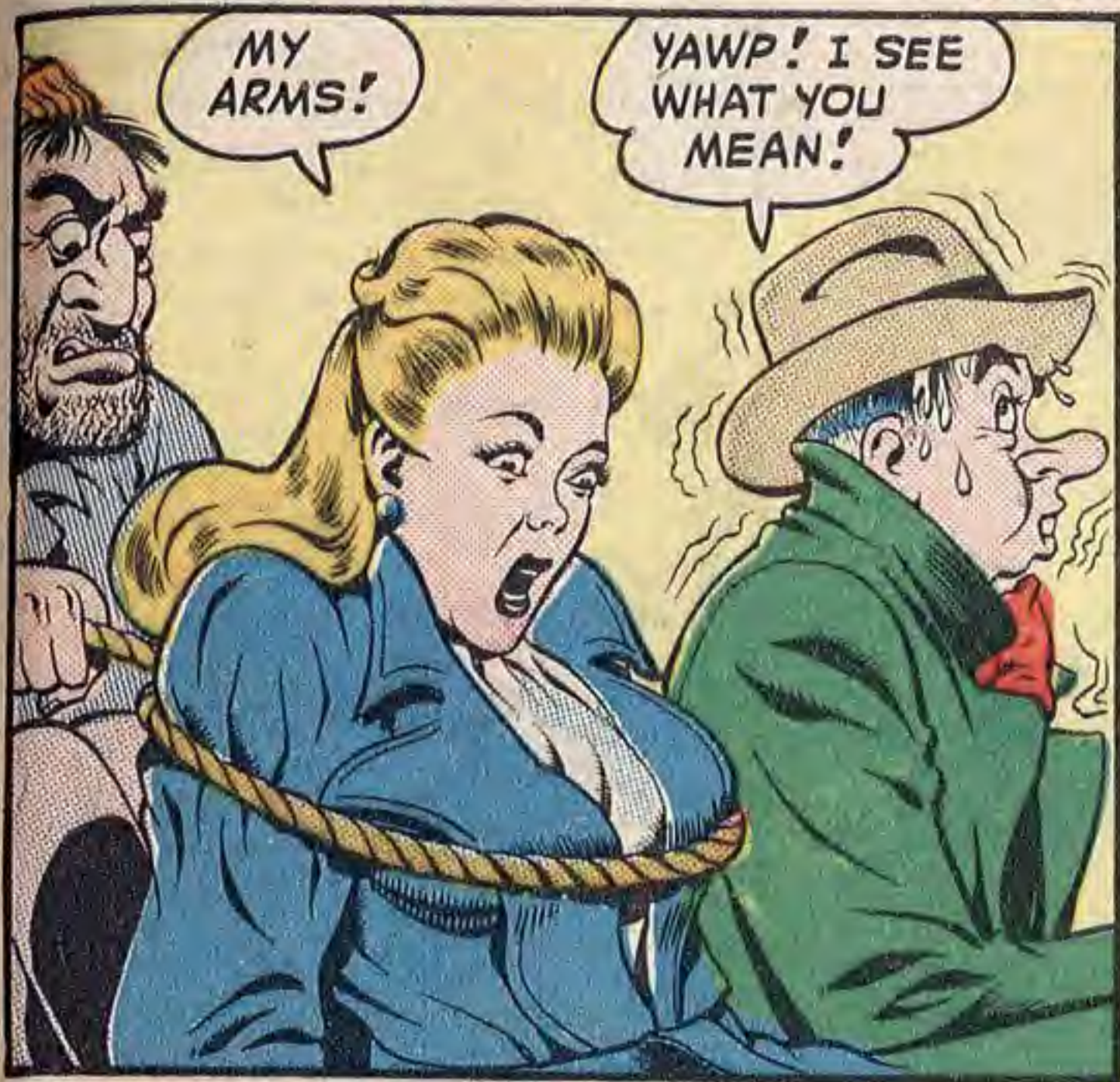


AH-HA! ZE LUCK OF LAMORGUE, SHE CHANGE! HE SEE FINE, STRONG WOMAN! SHE WEEL COOK GOOD, KEEP HOUSE GOOD FOR LAMORGUE!



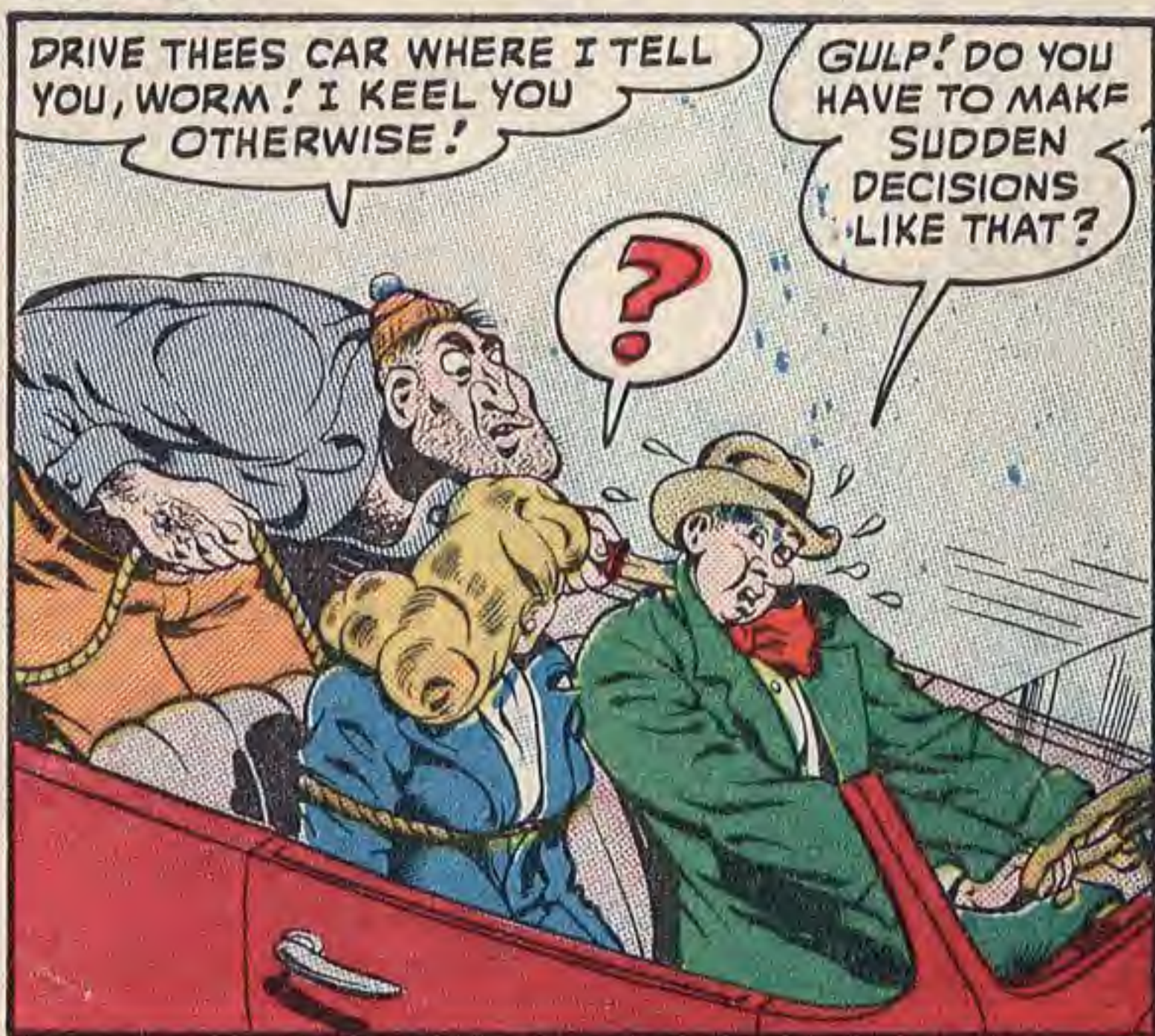
EEEEK!

DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, DAFFY?



MY ARMS!

YAWP! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



DRIVE THEES CAR WHERE I TELL YOU, WORM! I KEEL YOU OTHERWISE!

GULP! DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE SUDDEN DECISIONS LIKE THAT?



HORRORS! I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM YOUR PICTURE! YOU'RE LAMORGUE, THE DESPERADO!

OUI, PRETTY ONE! YOU WILL BE HOUSEKEEPER FOR TOUGHEST MAN IN ZE NORTH WOODS!



TAKE ZE NEXT RIGHT TURN IN ROAD, WORM!

OF ALL THE TIMES TO BE HOG-TIED! I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING!



THE FLOWERS! I'LL PULL THE PETALS OFF AND LET THEM BLOW AWAY! SOME OF THEM OUGHT TO STAY ON THE ROAD, AND IF MY MOUNTIE COMES UP THIS WAY, HE MAY GET SUSPICIOUS AND FOLLOW THE TRAIL!



LAMORGUE'S CABIN LOOKS TERRIBLE, NON? PRETTY WAN HAVE PLENTY WORK!

AND WHAT IF I REFUSE TO KEEP YOUR HOUSE?



TELL ME, YOU LIKE THEES FELLOW LEETLE BEET, NON?

Y-YES! OF COURSE!



SMASH COMICS

THEN START ON ZE DEESHES OR I KEEL HEEM!

GRAWK! DAFFY, THIS IS NO TIME TO ARGUE WITH HIM! DO IT!

VER' GOOD! YOU WASH DEESHES FINE!

COUGH! COUGH!

Meanwhile...

BY JOVE! GARDENIA PETALS! NO GARDENIAS GROW AROUND HERE! THESE MUST BE FROM THE HOTOHOUSE BOUQUET I BOUGHT THAT CHARMING GIRL!

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT! SHE MUST HAVE LEFT A TRAIL FOR ME TO FOLLOW! I SAY, THIS IS THE VICINITY WE'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED WAS LAMORGUE'S TERRITORY! I WONDER...

And back at the cabin...

IF HE'D ONLY TAKE THE KNIFE AWAY FROM DEKE FOR A MOMENT, I THINK I COULD HANDLE THE BIG BULLY! OH DEAR! WHAT A PREDICAMENT!

THIS IS IT, LAMORGUE! I'VE GOT YOU!

OH, HOW THRILLING! YOU'VE COME TO MY RESCUE!

HA, HA! YOU THEENK YOU SCARE LAMORGUE WEETH PEESTOL! I COULD KEEL YOU WEETH THEES KNIFE, ONLY I ENJOY MORE DOING EET WEETH MY BARE HANDS!

MY WORD!

SMASH COMICS



I CAN RELAX NOW! MY RED-COATED HERO WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THAT COWARD!



SO, SO AND SO... TO BEGIN WEETH!

THIS ISN'T VERY SPORTING OF YOU, LAMORGUE! I'D HAVE PREFERRED TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH PISTOLS AND KNIVES!



DAFFY, NO GOOD WILL COME OF THIS! LET'S LEAVE!

NO, DEKE! IT LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST NOT THE TYPE WHO GETS RESCUED! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, DAFFY!

OW-W! BACK TO YOUR DEESHES, WOMAN! DO NOT INTERRUPT ME WHEN I AM KEELING A MOUNTIE!



BY GAR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THIS HAPPEN TO LAMORGUE!

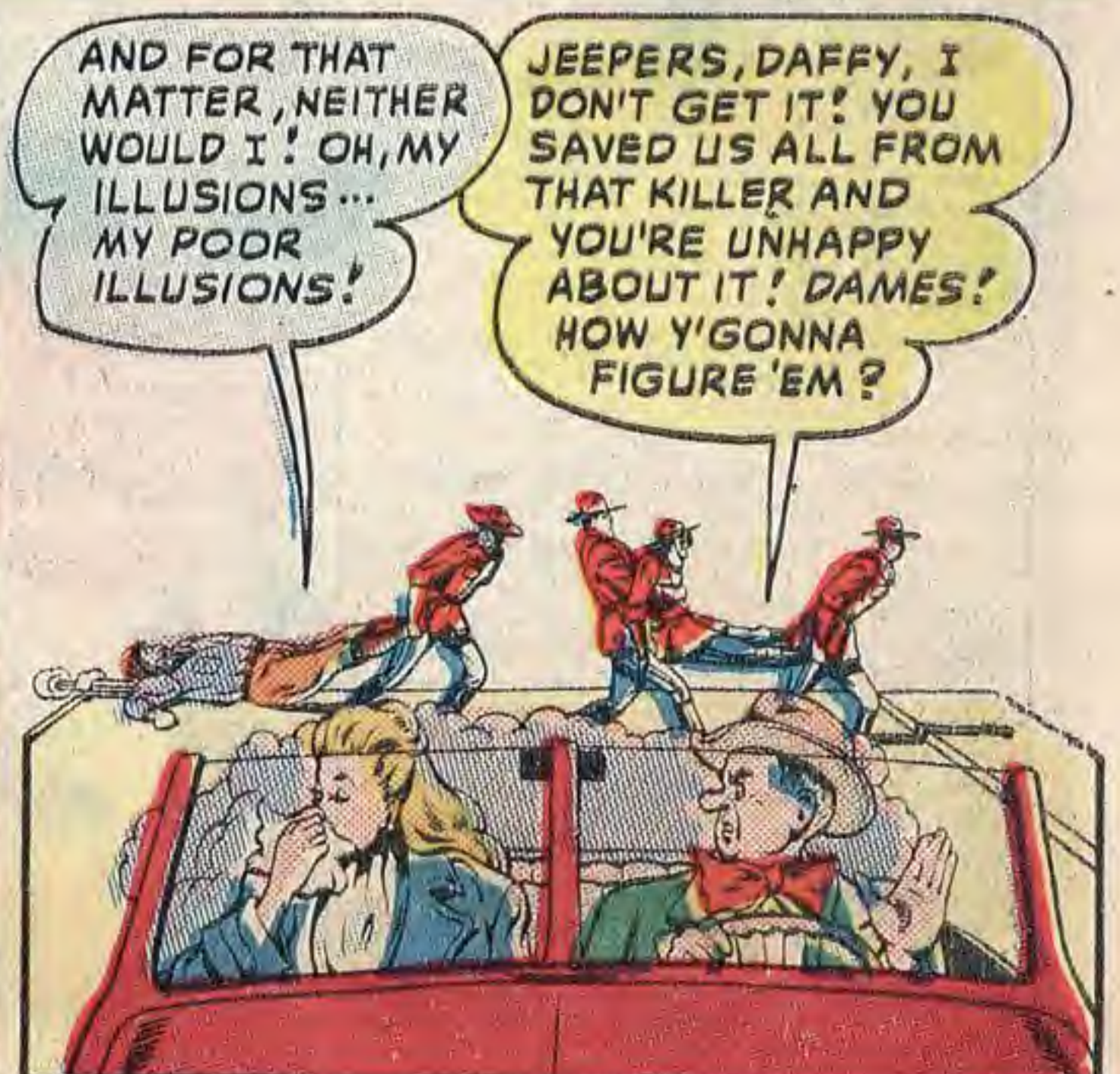
COME TO THINK OF IT, DAFFY, THIS IS A GOOD WORKOUT FOR YOU! YOU USUALLY GET STIFF RIDING IN A CAR ALL DAY!



Soon...

LAMORGUE! GREAT SCOTT! MONTROSE! I SEE YOU HAD A BIT OF TROUBLE GETTING YOUR MAN, BUT YOU GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT! MONTROSE, TALK TO ME!

MAYBE HE'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!



AND FOR THAT MATTER, NEITHER WOULD I! OH, MY ILLUSIONS... MY POOR ILLUSIONS!

JEEPERS, DAFFY, I DON'T GET IT! YOU SAVED US ALL FROM THAT KILLER AND YOU'RE UNHAPPY ABOUT IT! DAMES! HOW Y'GONNA FIGURE 'EM?

# BOYS!

Look at all the Spectacular Buzz-With-Action Models you can build with

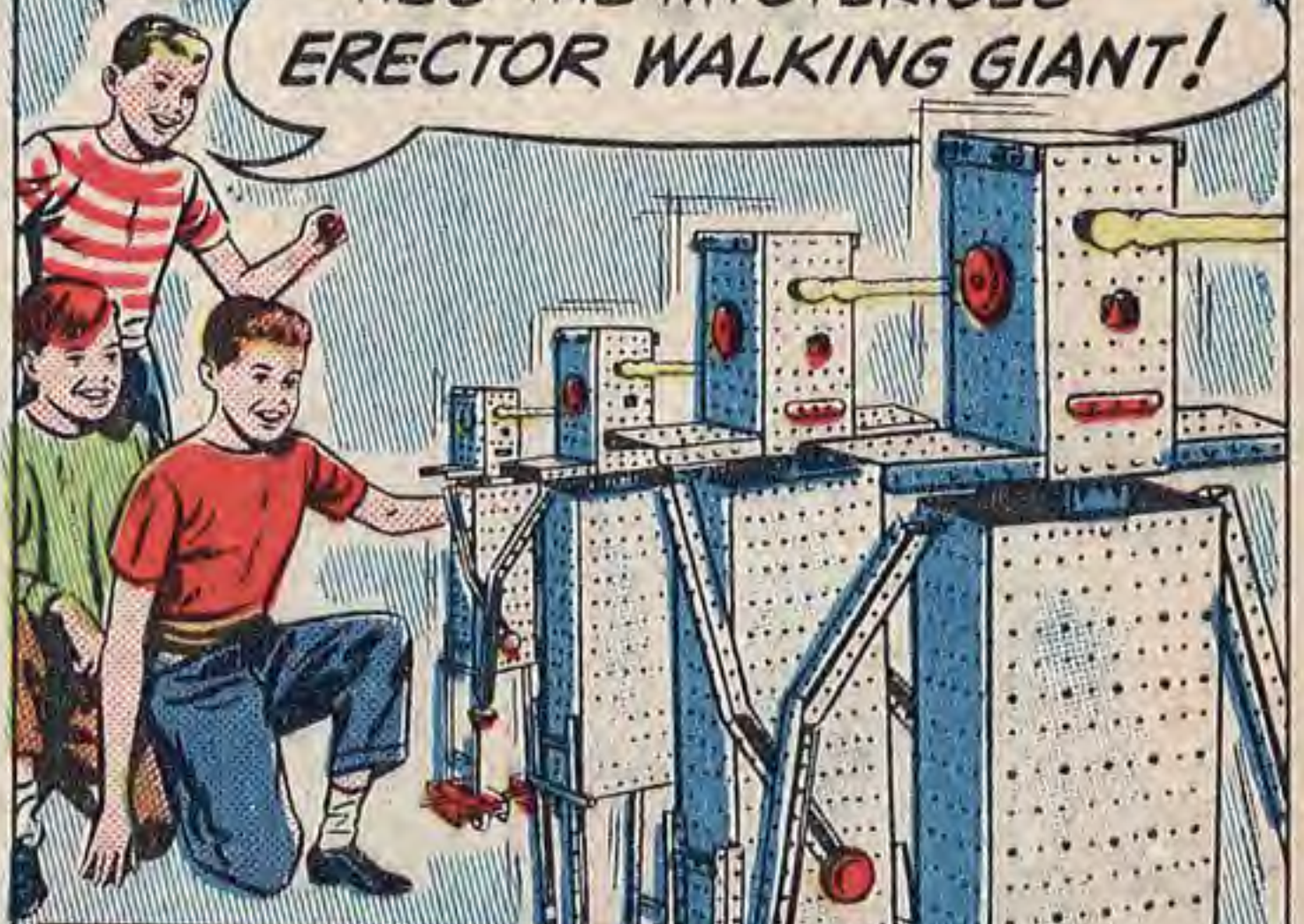
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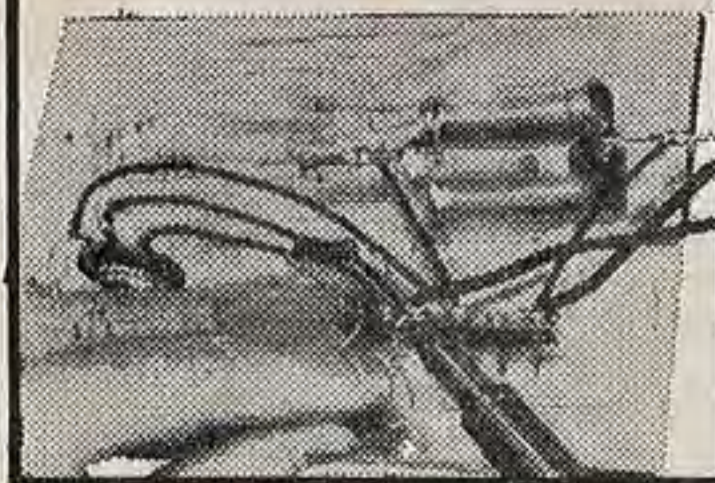
**YOU PRACTICE** Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



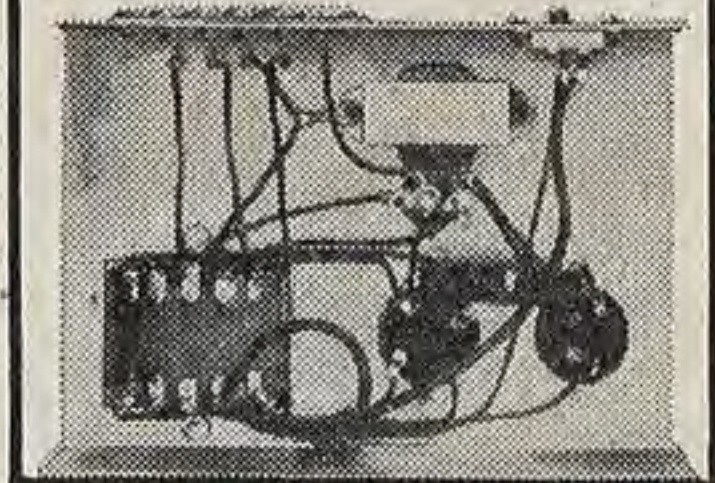
**YOU BUILD** this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



**YOU BUILD** special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



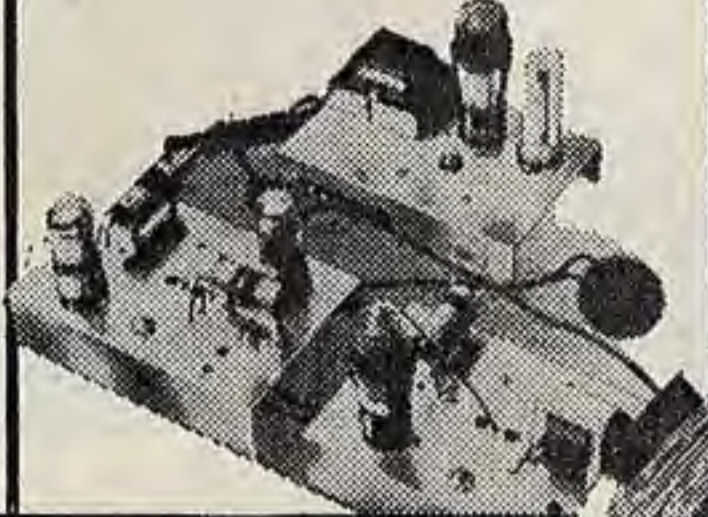
**YOU BUILD** Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



**YOU PRACTICE** with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

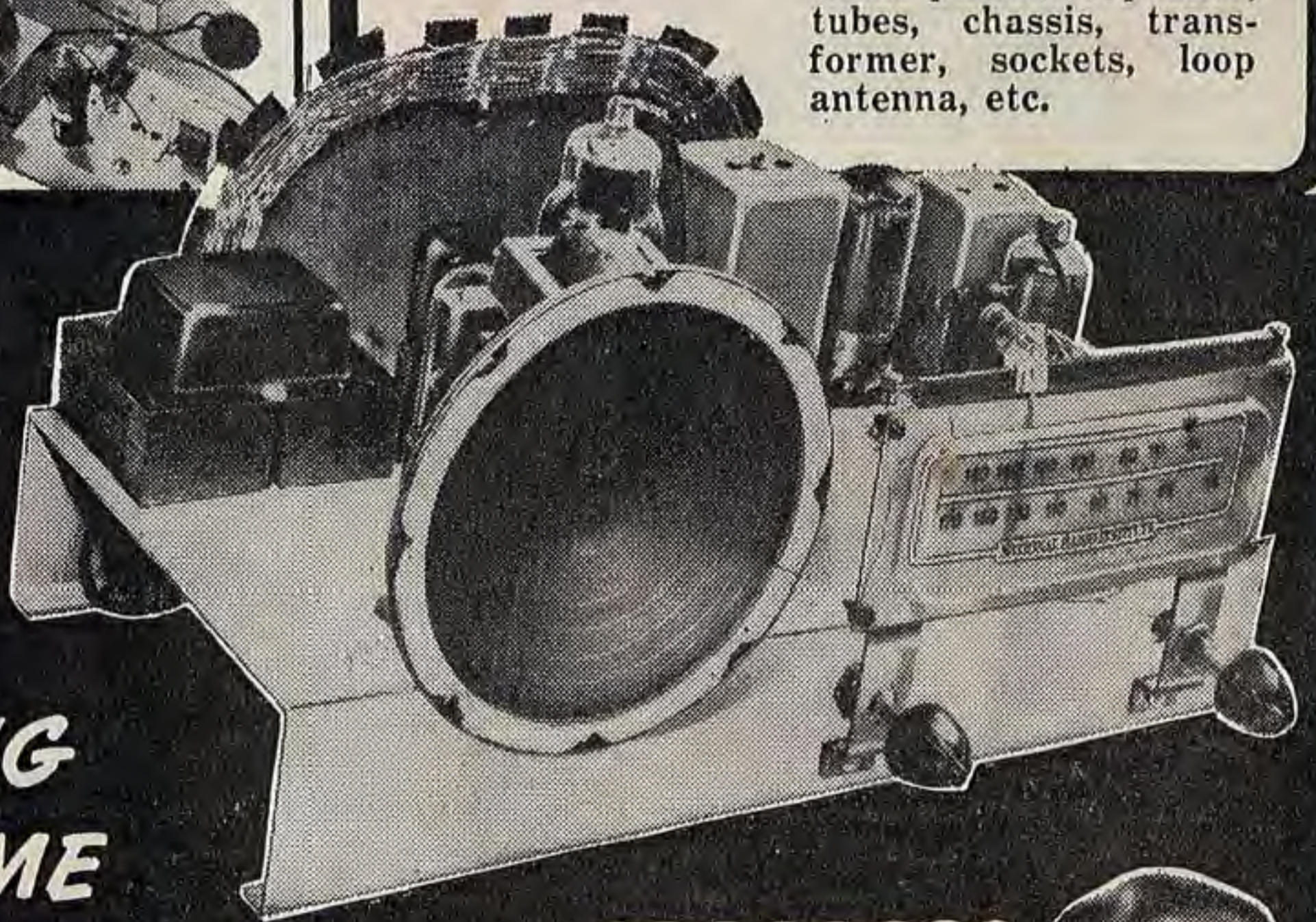


**YOU BUILD** this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



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OKAY, COACH, C'MON—FELLERS! WE CAN PLAY ELECTRIC FOOTBALL INDOORS!



BEATS SKULL PRACTICE ANYDAY!

GEE, FRED, THOSE ELECTRIC KEYS AND LIGHTS ARE KEEN!

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE HOW IT REALLY PLAYS!



NICE WORK!

OH, BOY, 13-12! THAT BLOCKED KICK WON THE GAME!

ONLY 5 MINUTE PERIODS?

LET'S GO!! TOUCHDOWN ON KICK-OFF!

THAT MAKES A FAST GAME!

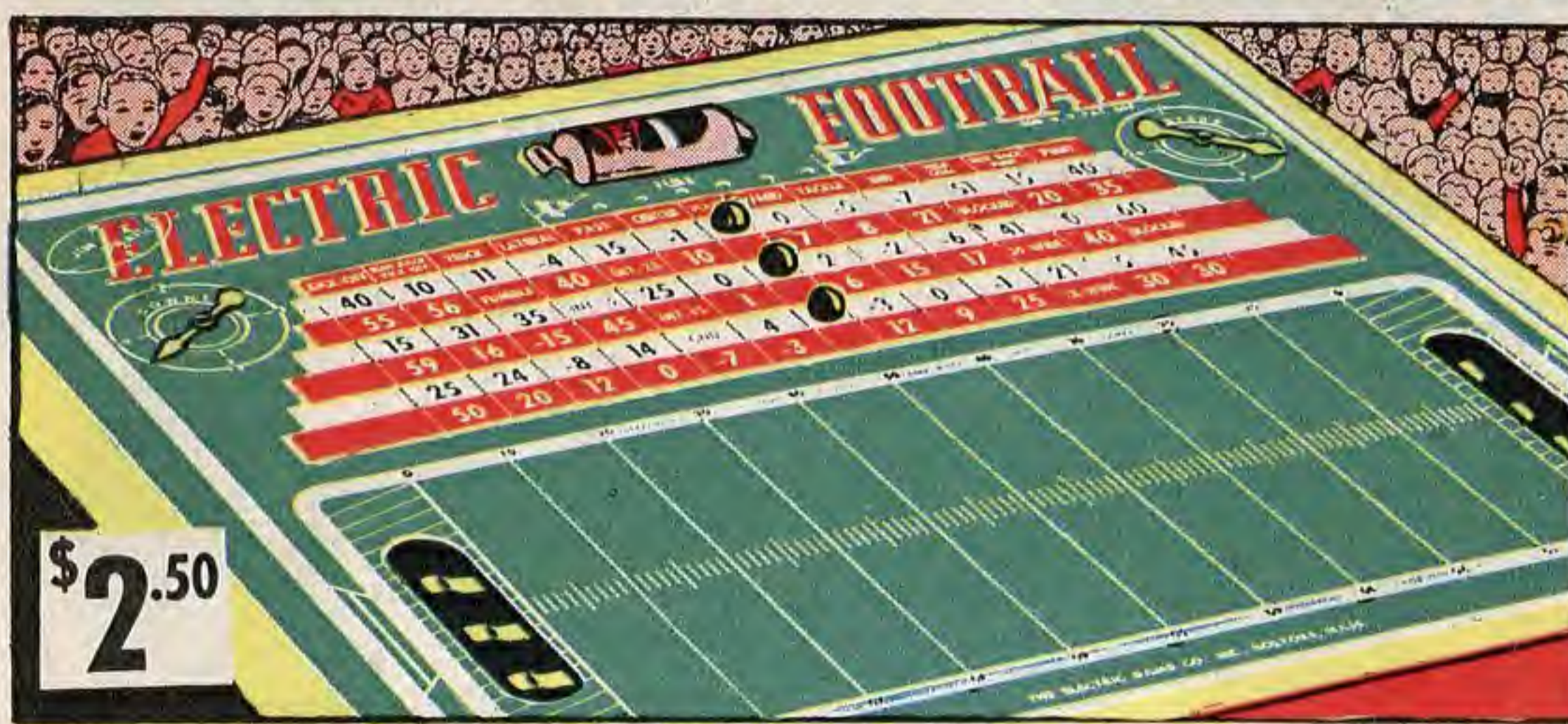
THAT'S A SWELL GAME, FRED! I'LL PLAY THE WINNER!



THE WAY THE BUTTONS FLASH THE PLAYS IS A MYSTERY TO ME. HOW YOU GET SO MANY DIFFERENT PLAYS OUT OF EACH KEY!

IT'S AN ELECTRIC BRAIN IDEA! A MIGHTY CLEVER INVENTION!!

SOME BUTTONS BLOCK-OUT PLAYS, SOME COMBINATIONS "GO", OTHERS HIT IN BETWEEN!



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